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SHORTHORN BREEDERS IN COUNCIL.

Those of Macomb, Oakland, Lapeer and St. Clair Counties held their Annual Meeting.

The fifth annual meeting of this association was held at Rochester, Oakland Co., last week, and was well attended. President John McKay called the meeting to order. Mr. Joshua Van Hoesen, of Rochester, welcomed the visitors to the meeting in his usual hearty, cordial manner. He spoke briefly of the changes which time had made in the section represented by the Society, the hardships of the early settlers, and the high character of the pioneers who had first peopled it. They came largely from the eastern States, and were made up of the very best citizens of those States. At that time organization was practically unknown, especially among farmers, while now all classes of society had their organizations, the farmers among the rest, and they glory in everything which tends to elevate and improve society at large. Organization now characterizes everything, although we think that among all organizations those which have brought the farmers more intimately into association with each other are the best. There are no strikes in these organizations. All work together not only for mutual benefits, but for the good of all. The breeders' associations, in particular, were much good, as they brought before the minds of stock breeders many important facts which were impossible to obtain without mutual research and interchange of sentiment. He was pleased to see so many present who were interested in Shorthorns, hoped the meeting would be a good one, and prove both interesting and beneficial to those in attendance. Mr. Van Hoesen was heartily applauded. Secretary G. W. Phillips, Jr., read the minutes of the last annual meeting, which were approved, and Treasurer Robert McKay, Jr., submitted his report of the financial affairs of the Association, which was satisfactory.

The selection of officers was then held, and resulted in the choice of the following: President—Chas. F. Moore, St. Clair. Vice President—Joshua Van Hoesen, of Oakland. Secretary—Geo. W. Phillips, Jr., Macomb. Treasurer—John McKay, Macomb. Directors—Jas. Ferguson, Lapeer; Wm. Graham, Oakland; James Crawford, Macomb; and John McKay, Rochester.

The place of holding the next meeting was left to the selection of the board of directors. In the afternoon the regular programme was taken up, the first paper being one from R. Gibbons on "The Outlook for Shorthorns." It was voted to have it appear in the FARMER, and we shall publish it in a future number.

Ira H. Butterfield, of Lapeer, followed with a paper, entitled "The Shorthorn Standard," in which he took the ground that while all others of the improved breeds had their merits, the Shorthorn was the animal generally adopted as the breed with which to compare all others. Mr. Butterfield's paper should have appeared this week, but unfortunately it has not reached us yet.

The discussion over this paper was sharp and lively. Hon. J. M. Holman was present, and took it upon himself to champion the scrub cow, which, he said, was always healthy; gave healthy milk upon which had been grown the great men of the country. The thoroughbred was asking legislation to protect it from pleuro-pneumonia, but the scrub did not. There was no doubt in his mind but that this disease was the result of what they call high breeding, and they might as well ask Congress or the Legislature to stamp out diphtheria or scarlet fever, as pleuro-pneumonia. If you did not want the disease get scrub cattle. The disease first came here from Europe, imported in some high-bred stock, and it had an affinity for that description of animals. R. Gibbons said Mr. Holman was mistaken as to where pleuro-pneumonia originated. It came from Europe, of course, but did not originate in thoroughbred cattle. Europe was not the home of the improved breeds.

Mr. Holman said he thought it was. All the improved breeds came from there originally. If not, where did they come from?

R. Gibbons—From Great Britain. And I would call attention to the fact that Great Britain, the home of thoroughbred stock, was entirely free from pleuro-pneumonia until it was brought in from the continent; therefore among the scrubs, or natives, and not the thoroughbreds, was where it originated.

The discussion took a wide range as to the cause, history and proper system to adopt for eradicating this disease.

Hon. John M. Norton, of Rochester, followed with a paper which we give herewith. Mr. Norton is a successful farmer and feeder, not a breeder, and his testimony as to the merits of the Shorthorn was received with applause. The paper was as follows:

I desire to submit some observations upon the merits of what has come to be the most famous and widely known of all our improved breeds of cattle—the Durham; or, as they are now more commonly called, the Shorthorns, or Shorthorn Durham. It gives me special pleasure to present my ideas upon this topic before an assembly of men who have nearly all of them made this breed a subject of peculiar study and experiment, and who are personally familiar with the question here under discussion; for it is from such persons that every important

fact and every cogent argument will receive the surest credit. While this is true, I am also well aware that any element of sophistry or untruth will be equally sure of detection and condemnation at your hands. Hence it is with little diffidence that I submit my thoughts to so critical an audience. But I do so with earnestness and candor, and with the fullest confidence in the correctness of my position, however imperfect may be my method of statement or argument.

It is unnecessary for me here to trace the particular history of this celebrated line of stock from the rich slopes and grassy hills of the maritime county of Durham, in the northeast of England, through the long years of attentive care and skillful breeding to the final full development of those special qualities of excellence which have placed it in the foremost rank of all our imported breeds. These facts are well known to every leading stock raiser present. Neither is any argument necessary upon the special and peculiar excellencies of this breed. These qualities are no longer disputed. From the storm-beaten hills of the northeast coast of Britain they bring a strong and robust constitution. For quickness of growth, rapid attainment of size and weight, richness and sweetness of flesh in short, as combining all of the qualities which tend to bring to the producer the largest and quickest returns from the butchers' mart—this breed stands unrivaled; and these qualities now stand as accepted factors of reckoning among intelligent stock breeders throughout the United States.

Throughout the vast beef-producing regions of the West, the introduction of this blood has wrought a complete revolution, toward producing the largest possible quantity and quality of beef for market in the shortest possible time. Every breeder knows what marked results may flow from judicious breeding. During the second thirty years in the present century—from 1830 to 1860—the actual net weight of nutron produced in England was about doubled in proportion to the number of sheep kept. The effect of the attention bestowed upon the herds of cattle upon our western ranges within the last twenty years, by simply the introduction of Shorthorn bulls, has been to supply the market with a superior class of animals in far greater quantity than ever before. Yet the mingling of the sires only could at best produce only a half grade. Now the Durham cows are being sent among the western herds, and the beneficial results of the introduction of both sire and dam are rapidly appearing. And it is because the Shorthorn Durham combines in the highest degree all of the qualities of a superior beef-produce that I advocate the introduction and careful cultivation of this breed throughout our country, East and West. Nobody wants working oxen now. This country is past that. As for the dairy, fight the prospect as we may, the stern and irresistible fact is nevertheless upon us, that the butter of our good dairymen's parties is being rapidly superseded by a substance which is becoming more and more acceptable to the general public; hence more and more in demand. Tax it as we may, cure it as we will, the thing which the people like is butter, and the thing which the dairymen demand will be made and sold. Hence the dairy, the butter-making quality, is not to be the prime object in cattle-breeding; and the butterine and oleaginous are to be the competing staples with dairy butter, why, even then your beef and tallow producer is the animal that is wanted; for of tallow and of carcass fat is the new commodity chiefly made.

Under this new regime we see the Ayrshire at once fall behind. He is bred even in his own country for work and for the dairy, and not for beef. The Jerseys fare no better, for their small frames and are especially milk producers. The Devons, although the oldest and handsomest of our imported breeds, must also give way; for they do not fatten easily, and are coarse in grain, even though they be fair milkers. And now comes the Hereford, with his broad and handsome horns and his richly mottled, huge, white and red sides; last of the contestants, as if he were sure of the victory. But no; fondly as he may be loved by some partial master, he must also give way to the all-conquering Durham. The Hereford's broad forehead and bright clear eye show him intelligent and docile, his frame is large, strong and well-knit, with not too much bone. Evidently his kind are not for the dairy. His neck is for the yoke, where yokes are used, and his carcass for the block. And yet he must be denied the prize; for although a better beef-produce than the Ayrshire, the Jersey, the Holstein or the Devon, he is still short of the princely Durham, the Shorthorn Durham, who stands the king of beefs the world over. And why do I thus place the king of beefs, the Durham, the great meat producer of the world, at the point of highest and first consideration, as the breed to be encouraged and cultivated by every farmer, shepherd and stock raiser? Simply because meat, and not butter, is to be the mighty demand of the future—not in this country only, but in Europe and throughout the world. And this demand is daily becoming more and more pressing, and their millions upon millions of cattle, is to be the great herding ground and commissary for the supply of that world-wide demand. This is why. And it is because the Shorthorn Durham produces the greatest possible amount of the best possible beef in the shortest possible time at the least possible cost, that I place this breed at the head and front, as superior to every other for the supply of the supreme and ever pressing demand which I have mentioned.

America no longer rules the grain market of the world, nor even of Europe. Even American cotton is no longer king. From 1861 to 1867, while the cotton crop of our Southern States was almost lost to Europe, and our lessened wheat crops, after supplying our armies, gave no surplus for the foreign market, England, Russia, and France encouraged the production of these two great staples of food and raiment in all their Asiatic and African possessions to such a marvelous extent that, during the ten years—1868 to 1878—of shortness from America, they more than doubled their supply of grain and cotton. And those great powers did more than to meet the temporary emergency of the war; they rendered those eastern supplies permanent, and placed the entire wheat and cotton industries in their eastern dominions upon a sound and continuing basis, backed by such elements of settled commercial interest and of demand and supply that no recurrence of disturbance upon this continent can again materially injure or disturb them. The distance is only an advantageous factor to them, rather



Ideal Feed Mill and Horse Power Combined.

than an injurious one; for it tends to furnish direct and permanent employment to the vast merchant marine which lies waiting and anxious for just such employment—the employment of transporting across the seas the products of the east to the golden marts of Europe. For these reasons neither American wheat nor cotton can ever recover its former position as the ruling staple in the world's market. The great powers of Europe, under stress of a great emergency, have opened up another fountain of supply, and that supply is permanent. The new methods for the preservation of butchered meats in transit, whereby the beefs butchered and dressed in Chicago are conveyed across the continent, across the ocean, and laid on the cleaver's block in Smithfield market, London, so fresh and sweet and pure that they compete victoriously against the stall-fed beef of Britain, both as to price and quality, have served to annihilate the four thousand miles of distance which formerly stretched between Europe and the cattle ranges of America. Our American prairie pastures have by these means been converted in point of commercial fact, into beef-pastures for the epicures and artisans of London and Paris.

These methods are being improved upon every day; this foreign, almost world-wide demand is increasing every day; the countless herds of cattle upon our western plains, upon the rich farms of our middle states, and over all the warm savannas of the south, are improving and multiplying every year; and all in direct response to this growing and henceforth permanent demand. This great trade is to be the golden harvest of the American herdsman through the generations of the future. Our country, and ours alone, is to be the chief fountain of this immense supply. It is the chosen pasture land of the world, fresh and perfect from Nature's own hand. No other has such richness of soil, such favor of climate, such exhaustless resources for food supply, or is peopled and possessed by a race so brave, energetic, intelligent and ambitious for the improvement of all these great advantages.

Through the veins of the millions of cattle which ranged over these fields has been poured the rich, strong blood of the Shorthorn Durham from the north-east of England. It affords us pleasure at all times to make mention of meritorious articles to our readers, and in this connection desire to call attention to the Ideal Feed Mill and Horse Power Combined, an illustration of which appears above. The mill has been extensively in our columns and has found a large sale throughout our United States as well as in foreign countries, which is constantly increasing.

It is a triple geared machine built similar



Dutton's Machine Knife Grinder.

to a horse-power with a grinding mill in the center elevated sufficiently to be out of the way of the gearing, and is nearly as compact as the old style feed mill. The grinding burr makes 30 revolutions to one of the horses, and the tumbling roll 60, thus giving sufficient speed to make it efficient in doing all the work required of a machine of this kind.

The burrs are provided with riders to protect the grinding surfaces and prevent them cutting each other. One set of these burrs it is claimed will do as much service as two or three sets of similar burrs not having protection. This feature is covered by Letters Patent granted the manufacturers, and is regarded of special value.

The mill will be sent on ten days' trial to any responsible party subject to the warranty placed upon it. Write the manufacturers, Stover Manufacturing Co., Freeport, Ill., for illustrated catalogue and prices, which will be sent on application.

Dutton's Knife Grinder.

The illustration of Dutton's Knife Grinder on this page will serve to remind our readers of the fact that this is a perfect mowing machine grinder, which can be carried into the field and attached to the mowing machine wheel whenever necessary. It only weighs 15 lbs., so that its weight does not interfere with carrying it wherever wanted, a desirable point in the hurry of the haying season. It is manufactured and sold by R.H. Allen & Co., of 180 Water Street, New York, who will send full particulars upon application.

Reported for the Michigan Farmer.

NORVELL FARMERS' CLUB.

The regular January meeting was held at W. R. Mount's, in Sharon, Washtenaw Co., on Saturday, 29th ult. After a select reading by Mrs. G. B. Rhead, and an essay by J. Herbert Cole, the question, "How does the soil lose its fertility?" was introduced by a paper from H. A. Ladd, of Brooklyn. After speaking of loss occasioned by the wind and by washing, the essayist took issue with the common opinion that sandy soils, especially, lose their fertility by leaching. This because there is no discoloration or evidence of fertility in the subsoil; because sand is a good filter, retaining impurities in water which passes through it. Because clover roots make the land more porous, and hence facilitate leaching instead of being a benefit. The chief loss of fertility is upward and not downward. All vegetable or animal matter placed in the ground begins at once to decay if the proper degree of heat and moisture are present, and the rapidity of this decomposition depends upon the degree of heat. Some tests of the temperature of different soils made the past summer afford a clue to the rapid loss of fertility in sandy soils. With the thermometer at 85° in the shade, the soil in a thick meadow showed 65°, bare clay soil 105°, the same as the sun's rays, while sand under the same conditions registered 140°. Manure turned up after lying some months beneath the surface, will sometimes appear black like charcoal; in other places where there is less moisture it will be white or fire-faded. And there is no doubt but that a large part of such manure is wasted by passing off into the air, unless some crop is grown above to utilize it. What sand most needs therefore is moisture and shade to keep the land cool. We understate the mechanical value of clover. By loosening the soil it facilitates the absorption of moisture, it prevents evaporation, condenses dew laden with fertilizing matter, and by shading the soil prevents too rapid decomposition of vegetable matter. Sand possesses in greater degree than any other soil the power of drawing moisture from below. This power is destroyed if a crust is allowed to form upon the surface, hence the need of frequent cultivation in times of drought.

gestions to prevent loss of fertility. Keep as much land in grass as possible, clover preferred. Increase the supply of barn manure to the utmost limit, and apply all not needed for orchard or garden to the ground intended for corn. If drawn out in winter the benefit will be much greater. Never plow dress anything but grass land. Never plow under manure and not put on some crop to use the gases generated in decomposing. Use plaster in connection with such crops. It is better to grow a crop than have the land idle. Never leave a field bare unless frequently stirred. Don't use phosphate on sandy land, as it is hot enough without it. When you lay out your summer's work don't undertake more than you can perform.

President T. B. Halladay followed with an instructive talk on the formation of soils and the elements of plant growth. Can not agree with the essayist that soils do not lose fertility by leaching. Sand alone is not fertile and must have vegetable matter of some kind incorporated with it to take up and hold the elements of fertility. Is thoroughly convinced that shade is an excellent thing for any soil.

S. W. Holmes believed the growing of clover to be the whole secret of success in farming. If a good catch could be ensured every time, there would be no serious difficulty in the way of successful farming.

G. B. Rhead spoke of top-dressing wheat in the fall as the best way to utilize manure. It benefited the wheat at once and increased the chance of getting a good catch of clover.

H. A. Ladd had found that while manure so applied benefited the wheat it lessened the chances of a good stand of clover.

President Halladay said that manure lost so much by lying in the yard during the summer, that it was not wise to keep it until fall.

W. Baneroff and W. R. Mount had found a much greater benefit, nearly one-fourth, from manure applied to corn ground the fall previous, than when applied in the spring.

In a discussion regarding the benefits of plaster, much diversity of opinion was manifested. J. E. Palmer had experimented much and believed it of no value. Others thought its good effect very evident sown on poor land. It was suggested that land on which much plaster had been sown would become plaster sick and show no farther good effects from its use.

At G. L. Hall's, on the last Saturday in February, the club will endeavor to answer the question: Shall we seek to become specialists?

For the Michigan Farmer.

LEBANON FARMERS' INSTITUTE.

MATHEWSON, Mich., Feb. 8th, 1887. This meeting was the first of the kind held in this vicinity, Lebanon, Clinton Co. The meetings are to be monthly, and hereafter are to be held in the afternoon as well as evening. The church where it was held was nearly filled with farmers and their families, and the exercises were listened to with much interest.

In his opening remarks President Jay Sessions said among other good things that the object of the club should be to improve ourselves socially and morally, and consequently intellectually, and by so doing financial improvement must necessarily follow. Avoid becoming a monopoly if we had the power, but instead learn and practice a more systematic and better mode of farming. A recitation followed by James Harden.

Paper, "Cultivation of Corn," by Cornelius Grove. He said harrow the ground till as mellow as a garden without reference to the number of times over. Plant three feet eight inches apart each way. Go through the corn once a week with cultivators till corn glazes. Hang the seed in a dry place in the fall. He preferred the varieties Hoover Dent and Smutnose.

In the discussion which followed Frank Abbott said the kinds of corn referred to were his preference. Milo Grove thought we ought to raise corn with reference to cutting with self-binder reaper, and spoke of drilling corn. Jay Sessions liked the plan of drilling corn and to thin out through the rows with a common square drag just after the corn has come up.

Jay Sessions was very much in favor of drilling corn. He has had success, and cited John Pinckney, a prominent farmer, as having success in this way. Was also in favor of dragging corn.

A selection was read by Miss Lizzie Sessions. Paper, "Home Culture," by Frank Abbott. He said home should be a haven of rest, without angry words or hard feelings. Each inmate should strive to make home pleasant. Should have books and amusements and pleasant pastimes to keep the children from going to other resorts and mingling with bad society. Some good advice to the children, which if followed would surely result in more happy homes.

Mr. C. Grove said the paper was good enough without adding anything more. Paper, "Best Breeding of Sheep and Management of Same," by Ray Sessions. He preferred the Merino and Merino grades. Should breed with an object in view. Should breed for wool, constitution and health, have clear wool without wrinkles and grease. Should staple and feed in stable. Put up early in fall and keep them off from frozen grass. Give sheep water and feed roots in connection with other feed, cut the old ones and improve upon the others.

F. Abbott said he would feed the old sheep for market. J. Sessions was much in favor of feeding roots, and believed them to be of great value to the farmer. He was decidedly in favor of keeping sheep off from frozen grass in late fall and early winter.

C. Grove liked to feed clean clover hay, well cured and put up in good condition, without any grain.

Walter Floate didn't like the plan of getting rid of an old sheep, and breeding from a young one that we know nothing about. R. Sessions, in explanation, said by culls he means those sheep that are of no more value to the farmer.

M. Grove believed in culling out sheep. He preferred feeding oats to corn. Next followed a general discussion on the subject "Cash or Credit System for the Farmer," which was introduced by S. A. Brooks. He liked the credit system if it wasn't abused; nearly every business is run on the credit system, and many farmers have been bought on credit and afterwards paid for. We could scarcely do business without the credit system.

Jay Sessions was not in favor of running up a store bill, but would have the money instead and pay for things when bought. C. Grove didn't believe in having money to pay store bills. He would have the merchant set down items in your own account book so there could be no chance for fraud. S. A. Brooks believed in keeping his own accounts.

C. Benjamin thought the credit system the second best thing in the world. It was a stimulant for one-to work and get out of debt. He had made money by going into debt.

The meeting was kept enlivened by occasional pieces of music by the choir, and all went away feeling they had spent a profitable evening, to return again in one month, RAY SESSIONS, Secretary.

Answer to Inquiry about Plaster Sowers.

FAIRFIELD, LOUANE Co., Feb. 9, 1887.

If your correspondent, who made inquiry for a plaster sower, will write to E. W. Walker, Goshen, Ind., he can get a plaster sower which will suit him. The price is from \$40 to \$50, seed sower attached. I have one which I have used several years, and it is a good one. Will sow plaster, ashes, dry salt, or commercial fertilizers. Have a second-hand one which I will sell very cheap. N. J. SROXO.

Agricultural.

THE BOYDEN HERD.

While in attendance at the Webster Farmers' Club a few days ago, we took the opportunity of looking at the herd of our sterling young friend, Will E. Boyden. He has his herd, as usual, in nice fit. In fact he seems to have the faculty of having his stock in such shape that he never has to apologize for its appearance. And that way those broad-backed cows breed for him show that they not only look well but are sound and vigorous. In one yard we found all the breeding cows and heifers, and it was a goodly sight. Here were Roses of Sharon descended from the famous Renick herd, Clarks from beyond the sea, and Flat Creek Young Marys from the blue grass pastures of Kentucky. Here the student of breeding can compare the standard set up by those two great modern breeders, Ab Renick, of Kentucky, and Amos Cruikshank, of Siltiton, Scotland. And it shows the cosmopolitan character of the Shorthorn when the connoisseur can hardly make up his mind which to prefer—the low, broad-backed, thick-meated animal from the "land of cakes," or the symmetrical proportions and stylish form of its Kentucky rival. It would take too much space to refer to all the animals in the herd, but a couple of Rose of Sharon heifers from the Duke of Crow Farm 38332, are especially promising among the young things, and a Flat Creek Young Mary heifer is ready now to walk into a show ring and carry off the blue. There were some half dozen young calves, and as one of the party remarked, "not a poor one in the lot." Better backs are not to be found anywhere. A six months old bull calf, a deep red, out in the yard, is a grand good one, straight, square, and as large as a yearling. His sire was Commander-in-Chief 47714, and his dam a Mazurka cow bred in Kentucky. Here is a young bull which can be had at a reasonable price, and a better is not to be found every day.

Mr. Boyden is not a stickler for any particular family. He wants good cattle, and well bred cattle, but the animals must be as good individually as their pedigrees or he doesn't want them at all. He is never troubled with no-breeders, although his cattle are always in good shape, which he attributes to giving them plenty of exercise, feeding roots, and having their stables well ventilated. Certainly in the matter of handling his herd Will could give valuable "pointers" to many other breeders.

LIVE STOCK AT AUCTION.

On February 24th Mr. W. J. Osborn, of Tecumseh, Lenawee County, will offer at public sale on his farm, fourteen head of thoroughbred Shorthorns, all descended from one cow, Franklin Rose 2d by Duke 10679, and tracing to Imp. Venus by Magnus Bonum (2342). The lot consists of 10 females and four young bulls. The sires used in the herd were Bismark 24826, Broad-albano 2d 37795, Pliny 44568, and J. Booth. The young bulls are all by Pliny 44568.

He will also offer 35 head of Merino breeding ewes, all recorded, and with lamb; 13 head of ewe lambs and four yearling lambs, all recorded.

A number of horses, suitable for farm work, and others sired by trotting bred stallions will also be offered. Among them is a mare by Brown Arthur, and another by Banker Rothschild, both in foal to Tom Marshall.

This stock is offered because Mr. Osborn finds he has more on hand than he can care for. The terms of sale are very reasonable. Mr. Osborn's farm is situated 3½ miles west of Tecumseh, Lenawee County. Ben Reynolds will do the selling.

BY T. D. DEWEY.

0,000 sold). Tokology, by Alice B. Stockham, D., is a noble book for a noble purpose. Sample pages free. Mor., \$2 75; cloth, \$2 00.

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Horticultural.

THE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

Bulletin from the Department of Horticulture and Landscape Gardening—Varieties of Apples for Market.

An important reason why apple culture does not often return a profit is the careless manner in which varieties are usually selected. No amount of good culture or shrewd marketing can make poor varieties profitable. The selection of varieties is often a difficult task, both from the great number of varieties from which to choose, and from the fact that the same variety does not thrive equally well in different places. The first difficulty is easily evaded, as out of some thousand varieties in cultivation not more than twenty-five usually prove to be profitable in any locality, and even of this number there are seldom more than five or six which can be confidently recommended. The second difficulty must be overcome by a close attention to the apples which succeed best in the vicinity. The three most important points in a market apple are these: A hardy, vigorous tree; a good bearer; a large, red fruit. Unfortunately, there are very few apples which combine these features in Michigan. In general, we are fortunate if we secure two of them in one variety.

Agents have been canvassing the State for the last two months, and many sales of worthless varieties have been made. The blame is not always, if indeed, it is usually, the agent's. Too many buyers are in a condition to be imposed upon. Very often the agent sells in good faith trees which are valueless for the locality in which they are sold. It is to check such sales or to enable purchasers to make intelligent substitutions in their purchases that this bulletin is issued.

Until the last few years the Baldwin has held the first place among market apples. The increased severity of the winters, resulting from the destruction of timber, has caused the Baldwin to suffer above most other popular varieties. During the winter of 1884-5 fifty old trees were killed in the College orchard, of which over forty were Baldwins, the remainder being mostly Rhode Island Greenings. In fact, there is not a vigorous tree of these varieties left in the orchard. All others among the market sorts were not injured. It is more and more evident that the Golden Russet is one of the best market apples for this region. The tree is remarkably hardy and vigorous and a good bearer. The apples are uniform in size and color, very firm, fair and good keepers. In market they bring twenty percent less than Baldwins, but this difference is overbalanced by their productiveness and hardness. Russets should be barreled in the fall to prevent withering. The Spy is a tardy and unreliable bearer; the apples are often very imperfect, and they are too tender for distant markets. I should not recommend it here for the flatter lands. Fameuse is one of the best when the fruit is fair, but it is unreliable. Canada Red, top-grafted, is one of the very best, and in this vicinity undoubtedly next to the Russet, or perhaps superior to it. The St. Lawrence, Oldenburg and Twenty Ounce appear to be among the best fall apples for this vicinity. The Oldenburg demands a close market, however, as it decays soon. The Russian apples of recent introduction are not yet sufficiently known to be recommended for profit.

The reports of our State Horticultural Society contain many lists of apples, and they should be consulted before an orchard is planted. As further aids I add recent communications from leading orchardists. It is high time that everyone take aggressive action in regard to this matter of varieties of apples. The success of our apple culture demands it. In general, purchasers should beware of novelties and high prices. The standard kinds can be had for from \$10 to \$15 per hundred for two-year-old trees. It is probable that the following choices contain all the sorts generally valuable in Southern Michigan. These choices, of the best five varieties, are made in reference to hardness:

From Hon. Henry Chamberlain, Three Oaks, Berrien County—I should select for our vicinity, Baldwin, Canada Red, Northern Spy, Maiden's Blush, and Stark. The Golden Russet has never proved satisfactory with us.

From Wm. A. Brown, Benton Harbor, Berrien County—The question of five apples for profit depends much upon location, facilities for marketing, adaptability, etc. The location of Berrien County enables us to grow and market the early varieties more successfully than later and more isolated locations. Without giving the subject the fullest consideration, I should name Oldenburg, Baldwin, Brown Pippin, Hubbardston, Baldwin, Ben Davis. In naming the list I am governed more by productiveness and resistance to fungus blight than by quality of the apple. In fact, I have named but one good dessert apple, the Hubbardston. The Orange Pippin is not generally known. Brown Pippin is the local name of a fine, large red apple ripening in September. This name may be a synonym, but we have not been able to determine it yet.

From Geo. W. Lawton, Lawton, Van Buren County—I should select Northern Spy, Baldwin, Red Astrachan, Canada Red, Henrick's Sweet—all red apples, which sell better than any other. They are also of such size as to be acceptable for table use. Of course this is not the limit of valuable apples raised here.

From President T. T. Lyon, South Haven, Van Buren County—I doubt the relative profitableness of the summer and autumn apples, and therefore will name Baldwin, Northern Spy, Rhode Island Greening, Golden Russet and Stark. Baldwin is hardy enough with us. If omitted for lack of hardness, I should add Hubbardston at the foot of the list.

From L. H. Bailey, South Haven, Van Buren County—Baldwin, Stark, Northern Spy, Ben Davis, Flushing Spitzburg. There are several profitable fall varieties, of which the Oldenburg is probably the best. The Mann, much recommended of late, grows well and bears well, but is the worst of all my apples. The color is also bad.

I have grafted most of mine to Baldwin and Flushing Spitzburg. From James F. Taylor, Douglas, Allegan County—I will speak only of varieties which I have in bearing, as follows: Baldwin, Rhode Island Greening, Talman Sweet, Maiden's Blush, Red Astrachan. The Baldwin tree is not entirely hardy in some localities, but near the lake, as I am, it never winter-kills.

From B. Hathaway, Little Prairie, Ronde, Cass County—The Northern Spy, the Red Canada and the Baldwin are the three kinds I should name, and in this order. Most men would place the Baldwin first, and I should if it were hardy in tree; but it is not. It is liable to fall everywhere, and sure to fall on our strong lands so far south as this. Properly grown, and planted on suitable soil, it is probably the most profitable apple we yet have. The fourth in the list as it seems to me (and it would be first if as good a keeper as the others), is the Hubbardston [Nonesuch]. This, for evaporating purposes, is one of the best, as it is a profuse, constant bearer on strong land, always fair, and ripe enough in the fall to make nice fruit and is uniform in size, of good shape and quality. The fifth sort I cannot so well name. If I put in a fall apple it would be the Maiden's Blush, not a good apple, but good to sell and to evaporate.

From Graham Bros., Grand Rapids—We would give these as our choice of the best five market apples for this place: Northern Spy, Baldwin, Oldenburg, Rhode Island Greening, Thompson's King.

From J. N. Stearns, Kalamazoo—My choice for best five apples for profit would be Baldwin, Hubbardston, Maiden's Blush, Oldenburg, and Wagoner if not allowed to bear until seven or eight years old. I place Baldwin first; although not so hardy as some, I consider it the most profitable by far.

From H. Dale Adams, Galesburg, Kalamazoo County—For summer and fall: first, Oldenburg; second, Red Astrachan. For winter or very late fall: first, Baldwin; second, Northern Spy; third, Fameuse on heavy soil; fourth, Twenty Ounce. No others come within the limits of profit in this vicinity.

From Geo. W. Parks, Lansing—The Baldwin stands first in my estimation, save the tenderness of the tree. On high, rolling lands with clay sub-soil it appears to stand up very well, but on low, flat land it does not endure our severe winters. I would make my list as follows: Baldwin, Canada Red, Limber Twig, Northern Spy, American Golden Russet.

From James Satterlee, for Greenville, Montcalm County—Northern Spy, Golden Russet, Red Canada, Jonathan, Red Astrachan, Twenty Ounce. The Spy does best on the lighter soils.

From H. W. Davis, Lapeer Evaporating Works, Lapeer—Red Canada will bring 25 cents per barrel more than any other variety we grow. Baldwin, Northern Spy, most any other fair red variety, and Rhode Island Greening are to be recommended. The Red Canada is always hardy. Baldwin was hurt some two years since, but not enough to speak of. Northern Spy and Greenings are iron-clads, so to speak. These are old varieties to be sure, but they bring in the dollars.

From Hon. N. A. Beecher, Flushing, Genesee County—Our best hardy market apples may be named in the following order: Golden Russet, Ben Davis, Northern Spy, Red Canada and Talman Sweet for winter; Lyscom, Oldenburg and St. Lawrence for fall.

From Porter Beal, Rollin, Lenawee County—My choice of five varieties is as follows in order of preference: Baldwin, Ben Davis, Golden Russet, Willow Twig, Red Canada.

From Hon. George Orvitt, Chase, Lake County—Ben Davis, Wagoner, Golden Russet, Oldenburg for a near market. The Baldwin is injured by the winters.

From Hon. Arthur T. Case, Benzonia, Benzie County—Among our hardy apples the following are the best and in about the order named: Westfield (Seek-no-further), Northern Spy, Golden Russet, Fameuse, Talman Sweet, Swaar, Haas, Baldwin, Wagoner, and Ben Davis do not stand the climate, unless it is on the higher land immediately along the lake.

The College is ready to make a trial of any fruits, and to distribute, as far as able, scions or buds of the new or promising kinds. Over two hundred varieties of apples are now being grown, including the Russians. A partial list of these and other fruits is printed in the Report of the State Board of Agriculture for 1885, pp. 126 and 163. Most of these apples are not yet bearing.

L. H. BAILEY, JR.
Prof. of Horticulture and Landscape Gardening.

A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT.

I wrote the FARMER last spring about our experimenting with Paris green in our orchard, as had been recommended in its columns for canker worm, telling how we made the application. The result was easily and quickly done, and the result was no wormy apples of any account. I have no doubt that the spraying, continued every spring, would soon do away with the wormy fruit. We have no notion of neglecting it again while there is danger of worms. We have kept swine in the orchard other years, with no perceptible difference; nearly every apple had a occupant, and a large share of windfalls, or rather wormfalls, were gathered or eaten by the swine. This year we had an immense yield of sound apples, fair and fine, thanks to the spraying.

PANTON. MRS. M. A. FULLER.

Seedling vs. Budded Peaches.

L. B. Pierce, of Ohio, sent to the meeting of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society a paper on the above subject, in which he said:

In the general acceptance of the term *hardiness*, which in trees is nearly equivalent to health, I do not know whether seedling peach trees will endure a colder climate than many of the budded varieties. Theoretically, I should say that many of them would, as it is, I believe, a universal law of nature that high quality and refined delicacy tend to a reduction of vigor. Certainly many of the seedling peaches are poor enough to go with an iron-clad constitution. I think, however, there is no question on one point with all observing fruit men; and

that is, that the fruit buds of most seedling peaches will endure from four to eight degrees of cold more than the budded varieties, and still retain sufficient vigor to produce fruit.

Nothing in the peach line can exceed the productiveness of a healthy, yellow Bear-ripe or Early Crawford when they bear, and in mild climates like New Jersey or Delaware, it would probably be foolish to discuss the proposition before us; but in Ohio and many parts of Pennsylvania where it is not safe to count on a crop of budded fruit more than once in six or seven years, it becomes an important question. My own experience of 30 years, in which time I have maintained about an equal number of seedling and budded peach trees, I have in seven different years had a crop of seedlings when I had none from the budded trees, with the exception in three of these years, of a full crop of Hale's Early and a limited one of Smock. The other budded trees I had were Early and Late Crawford, Early Barnard, Old Dixie Free, Stump, large Early York, and Yellow Raripie. Of about 30 Early Crawford and 13 Late Crawford, set 18 of 19 years ago, upon the north slope of a hill but three of the former and four of the latter now remain, and they bore their first crop last summer. For a number of years this orchard was cropped, but for the last seven has been in grass.

The seedling peach orchard has under certain conditions two advantages over the budded orchard, one, as it stands upon its own roots and any accident that destroys or injures the budded stem is irremediable by a new growth from the crown, while the seedling will sprout indefinitely and continue the existence of a tree to triple the life of a budded one. In a commercial orchard highly cultivated and carefully looked after, this chance of continuing the tree upon the same ground by means of vigorous sprouts would be less valuable than in the slip-shod no-cultivation methods in vogue among the masses, and there are thousands who have a pretty good supply of seedling peaches in fortunate years who would scarcely ever taste them if they depended upon budded fruit.

On the other hand, to those who buy peaches the ordinary run of seedling peaches have slight attractions and sales to a great degree must be forced, and a fruit grower who depends upon a distant market and commission sales can not grow a common seedling peach with any expectation of making it profitable.

If a grower is so situated as to peddle the fruit direct to consumers, dispensing with freight, cartage, commissions, retailer's profits, and packages, seedling peaches will, I believe, pay better than budded ones in climates where the thermometer is liable to go below 11 deg. but rarely goes below 18 degs.

With respect to budded peaches, there seems to be a difference in the ability of the buds to withstand cold. These seedlings, like Hale's Early, Early Alexander, Hunne-well and Allen, are undoubtedly harder than Early York or Old Dixie Free, and the Smock will stand a lower temperature than either of the Crawford's.

In this connection the question naturally arises, how can we improve upon, or fix the character of peach trees from seed?

I have a friend who has given considerable thought to this matter, and I believe experimented some, and he is firmly convinced that the best way is to plant seed from the best seedlings and then again select from these. This is the well known method advocated by Van Mons and practiced by him in improving the pear, and resulted in shortening the time of bearing from seed a number of years, but was not very successful in improving the quality.

Cold Storage for Fruit.

The special committee appointed last year by the Pennsylvania Horticultural Association to examine into the subject of fruit-preserving houses, with the view to recommending the most approved and economical systems for general purposes, reported at the late annual meeting. They found a wide difference of size and arrangement, ranging in cost from \$300 to \$10,000. The \$7,000 fruit-house of Dr. Funk is in all respects most to be recommended. It occupies an area of 40 by 55 feet and is 30 feet high. The walls are of stone, 3 feet thick, with a seven-inch air space inside, and inside of this a charcoal lining of 4 inches. The lower story or fruit-room is divided into three apartments 8 feet high, with a storage capacity of 3,000 barrels. The temperature is kept at 35° or 36° the year round. The air is dry and pleasant at all times, entirely devoid of drip from the ice stored above. The ice-compartment or upper story is 12 feet high and holds about 600 tons of ice, lifted from a pond below by means of an elevator worked by steam.

At present, cider stored in the structure is as sweet as if fresh from the press, and Duchesse pears are apparently as perfect as when taken from the trees. A feature in this house consists in the absence of doors between the first and second stories, so that there is no obstruction between the ice itself and the storage-room, excepting a series of zinc troughs, so arranged that all the drip from the melting ice is caught and carried outside the walls. The cheap structure alluded to is 30 feet square and 25 feet high. The first story is built of brick 9 feet high, walls 13 inches thick and merely plastered, without either air-space or charcoal-lining. The ice-room above is a frame structure 16 feet high and protected with both air-spaces and charcoal-linings, similar to those described in the preceding house. It has an ice capacity of 300 tons, and will store 900 barrels of fruit. There is no difficulty in keeping sufficient ice all the year round, but it must be thoroughly protected over the top with sawdust or other proper material, and the apartment be well-ventilated in the roof. No ventilation, however, is necessary for the fruit-rooms.—N. Y. Tribune.

Horticultural Notes.

Mr. GREGORY thinks horse manure on low lands is too stimulating; he prefers bone and ashes.

The Rhode Island Greening is said to be as good a fruit now as it was 150 years ago. Varieties often fail, but this seems to be "a laster."

A. J. CATWOOD practices pruning grape vines in December. The vine seldom bleeds if pruned early, and it does not injure the vine to be pruned while frozen.

HON. T. T. LYON says the Lucretia is the best dewberry he knows. It is a trailing variety of the high blackberry, and may be a hybrid of this and the dewberry.

At Los Angeles, Cal., a ten-acre vineyard, three years old, produced three tons of Sultanina raisins. This is an important raisin grape, and crops of extraordinary size and quality are reported.

SOMETIMES trees get hide-bound from poverty of the soil, from exposure to hot sun, or from the attacks of insects. In this case a slitting of the bark by the pruning knife, up and down the stem, is very beneficial.

J. H. GREGORY says too much water on land will make cabbage stump-footed. Land either too wet or too dry will produce the disease. Ashes or potash assist materially in making a good crop of cabbage, and from 100 to 200 bushels can be used on an acre.

This editor of the *Gardener's Monthly* says no magazine can tell just when to prune, nor can an essay tell how to do the work. We can make suggestions in a general way, but the use of them will depend on how much the owner loves his trees and has been favored with a glimpse of his secret history.

The renovation of old fruit trees should be performed by degrees, a portion being removed each year for several years, that the tree may not receive too great a shock. Care should be used to preserve the symmetry of the tree. To the pruning must be added judicious cultivation and manuring.

MR. S. D. WILLARD, of Geneva, N. Y., says the quality of late pear depends very much upon the method of ripening and care. The Le Conte pear is said to be a very poor fruit under ordinary treatment, but with skillful handling specimens of superior quality can be produced.

ALL plants or vegetables grown for their leaves, as cabbage, lettuce, spinach, etc., require an abundance of nitrogenous manures, and it is useless to attempt their culture without it. Leguminous plants are injured by manure of this character; it causes too great a growth of stem and leaf and the earliness of the vegetable is injuriously affected.

THE *Gardener's Monthly* says horseradish beds are best made by taking pieces of strong roots about an inch long, making a hole a foot or fifteen inches deep with a dibble, and dropping the roots to the bottom of the hole; a clean, straight root will also do through the soil. Crowns or eyes are better than pieces of root, and a rich clayey soil better than a sandy soil.

MR. C. A. GREEN endorses the *Gardener's Monthly* in its assertion that pruning encourages rather than invigorates, an opinion once strongly condemned by the agricultural press, the universal opinion being that pruning a tree increases its vigor, whereas every leg and branch removed is a loss incurred only to improve the form or appearance or reduce the surplus fruit.

THE original Delaware vines, then three to five inches in diameter, and supposed to be fully 100 years old, were found over 30 years ago on Bergen Hill, near Jersey City. An old gardener, removing to Ohio, took some plants with him and commenced raising this fruit for the Cincinnati market, when they attracted the attention of the horticulturists. George W. Campbell, of Ohio, first propagated and introduced it under its present name.

UPRISING the pear trees to shorten the life and impair the vigor of any variety, and since all varieties are multiplied in this way, becomes a question of time as to how long any variety can be expected to live. Fifty or sixty years ago the St. Michael was justly esteemed the best pear grown, it is now entirely abandoned. The Flemish Beauty is another excellent pear of 30 to 30 years ago, but is fast going out of use.

In grafting, the first principle is the accurate adjustment of the cambium of the scion to that of the stock. Without such adjustment no union can take place, as it is through the cambium layer that the living connection between the roots and the leaves is maintained. This layer is formed by the deposit of new matter from the descending assimilated sap, and it is by means of this newly-formed matter that union takes place between stock and scion; hence the necessity of accurate adjustment.

THE Kansas Farmer says: "The thing of greatest importance in onion-raising is the soil, and it does not matter so much whether the soil is new or old, provided that it is thoroughly pulverized and very rich. There is no use in wasting time on onion growing in either poor or rough ground. For growing sets, the ground need not be rich; indeed it is better rather poor, because the object is to have small growth that does not go to seed that year. For those the ground is broken in spring, well pulverized, the seed sown in drills nine inches wide, leaving every eighth or tenth row blank for an alley-way between beds."

THE Eureka Wide and Center Draft Mower has some very strong endorsements. Among them can be numbered Smith, Powell & Lamb, of Syracuse, N. Y.; Henry E. Alvord, manager of Houghton Farm, Mount Airy, N. Y.; J. P. Roberts, of Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.; Samuel Johnson, Professor of Agriculture, State College, Lansing, Mich.; S. A. Fletcher, Indianapolis, Ind.; J. D. Hillwood, De Kalb, Ill.; M. W. Dunham, Wayne, Ill., who for his large importations out over 300 acres every year; A. G. Danforth, Washington, Ill.; S. S. Mann & Son, Elgin, Ill.; J. G. Green, De Kalb, Ill., and many others who have large crops of hay to gather, fully recognize its many merits and that it accomplishes more work with the same power, producing a fine quality of hay, without the use of hay tedder, which is a great saving to farmers and breeders who have a large crop to gather.

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Various Methods of Making Beeswax.

At a recent meeting of New York and New Jersey beekeepers the subject of rendering old honeycomb into wax was considered. One member, who related his plan, uses a large kettle that holds 25 pails of water and melts up the old comb from 30 to 25 hives at once, putting in, however, only a few combs at a time. He keeps a good fire under the kettle, but not enough to boil the contents, which are taken out with an 8x10 inch basket, strained as fast as dipped and cooled in large dishes.

A member from Vermont pours his wax

on heavy burlap, nailing it from time to

time to let the water off, then gathers the burlap together and puts it under pressure. Another member reported success with wire cloth in an iron hoop, pressed down by hand. Yet another member uses an eight-quart pan, full of small holes, and a butter knife in which the pan sets. After dipping the wax out he presses it in the pan with a mallet. The water is let off at the bottom. He said that by this method he had made upwards of 300 pounds per day. Several beekeepers present approved of this plan. Some beekeepers reported success with patent wax extractors, of which there are a good number in the market.

J. W. HAMBAUGH, in a paper read before the Illinois Central Beekeepers' Association said: Viewing the subject from a financial standpoint, our hives should be constructed on the principle of accomplishing the greatest results with the least outlay of money and time. They should be of as few parts as possible, and so simple of construction that they can be operated by the novice. Should we adopt one-half of the devices suggested by the bee-fraternity at large, especially for the production of comb honey, we should shortly have a veritable curiosity shop; hence, to sum up, I will say that we should adopt large brood-frames to insure the very best results numerically, and alive that will accommodate ten frames, or contracted by the use of division-boards to number less. The surplus department must also be as easily expanded or contracted to suit the strength of the colony, and harvest the surplus in the very best shape for market in one and two pound sections. I have found from practical experience that the wintering of bees on large combs has been much more successful than on small ones, under the same form of treatment in regard to wintering, coming through to spring stronger in numbers, building up more rapidly, and in much finer condition to meet the clover harvest.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *American Bee Journal* says it is not over-production or adulteration that militates against the sale of extracted honey, but the fact that people have been duped till they believe that there can be no honey outside of the combs. The extracted honey, if not ripened before extracted, ferments, and disgusts purchasers.

Geo. E. HILTON, of Fremont, last year took 4,000 pounds of honey from 60 colonies, and increased his colonies to 80.

To thoroughly cure scrofula, it is necessary to strike directly at the root of the evil. This is exactly what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, by acting upon the blood, thoroughly cleansing it of all impurities, and leaving not even a taint of scrofula in the vital fluid.

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It would require a volume to print all the Lowell people have said in praise of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Mr. J. W. Bates, living at 23 East Pine Street, Lowell, for 15 years employed as boss carpenter by J. W. Bennett, president of the Erie Telephone Company, had a large running sore come on his leg, which troubled him a year, when he began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. The sore soon grew less in size, and in a short time disappeared.

Mr. C. W. Marriott, wife of the First Assistant Fire Engineer of Lowell, and for 15 years she has been troubled with stomach disorder and sick headache, which nothing relieved. The attacks came on every fortnight, when she was obliged to take her bed, and was unable to endure any noise. She took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after a time the attacks ceased entirely.

Many more might be given had we room. On the recommendation of people of Lowell, who know us, we ask you to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists. 51c per box. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar

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WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market
the past week amounted to 45,150 bu., against
107,197 bu., the previous week and 98,320
bu. for corresponding week in 1886. Ship-
ments for the week were 17,988 bu. against
18,638 bu. the previous week, and 80,939 bu.
the corresponding week in 1886. The stocks
of wheat now held in this country amount to 2-
737,998 bu., against 2,738,748 bu. last week
and 2,315,858 bu. at the corresponding date
in 1886. The visible supply of this grain on
Feb. 5 was 61,770,031 bu. against 61,854,512
the previous week, and 54,197,045 bu. at
corresponding date in 1886. This shows a
decrease from the amount reported the
previous week of 114,481 bu. The export
clearances for Europe for the week ending
Feb. 5 were 767,714 bu. against 1,107,505
the previous week, and for the last eight
weeks they were 10,715,885 bu. against 2-
523,745 for the corresponding eight weeks
in 1886-8.

There was more business transacted the
past week than during the previous one,
sales of spot and futures aggregating 1,665-
000 bu., as compared with 910,000 the week
previous. But while the sales were larger the
market ruled weak, and values steadily de-
clined until the close of the week. Futures,
especially May, suffered the greatest loss,
but spot and near futures were very dull at
the close, and buyers, except at concessions,
were very few. Chicago was also in a bad
way, and May futures sold in that market
at a lower price than during the present
crop year, namely, 79½¢ for No. 3 spring.
New York was also lower, but a better ex-
port demand was reported at the close. To-
ledo was fairly active, with spot at 82½¢.
May futures at 81¢, and August at 86½¢.
Liverpool was quiet and steady, with good
supply offering.

The following table exhibits the daily closing
prices of spot wheat from January 20th
to February 12th inclusive:

	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3
Jan. 20	82½	81½	80½
21	82½	81½	80½
22	82½	81½	80½
23	82½	81½	80½
24	82½	81½	80½
25	82½	81½	80½
26	82½	81½	80½
27	82½	81½	80½
28	82½	81½	80½
29	82½	81½	80½
30	82½	81½	80½
Feb. 1	82½	81½	80½
2	82½	81½	80½
3	82½	81½	80½
4	82½	81½	80½
5	82½	81½	80½
6	82½	81½	80½
7	82½	81½	80½
8	82½	81½	80½
9	82½	81½	80½
10	82½	81½	80½
11	82½	81½	80½
12	82½	81½	80½

The following table gives the closing prices
each day of the past week on the various
deals of No. 1 white:

	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Feb. 1	82½	82½	82½	82½	82½	82½
2	82½	82½	82½	82½	82½	82½
3	82½	82½	82½	82½	82½	82½
4	82½	82½	82½	82½	82½	82½
5	82½	82½	82½	82½	82½	82½
6	82½	82½	82½	82½	82½	82½
7	82½	82½	82½	82½	82½	82½
8	82½	82½	82½	82½	82½	82½
9	82½	82½	82½	82½	82½	82½
10	82½	82½	82½	82½	82½	82½
11	82½	82½	82½	82½	82½	82½
12	82½	82½	82½	82½	82½	82½

For No. 2 red the closing prices on the
various deals each day of the past week were
as follows:

	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Feb. 1	81½	81½	81½	81½	81½	81½
2	81½	81½	81½	81½	81½	81½
3	81½	81½	81½	81½	81½	81½
4	81½	81½	81½	81½	81½	81½
5	81½	81½	81½	81½	81½	81½
6	81½	81½	81½	81½	81½	81½
7	81½	81½	81½	81½	81½	81½
8	81½	81½	81½	81½	81½	81½
9	81½	81½	81½	81½	81½	81½
10	81½	81½	81½	81½	81½	81½
11	81½	81½	81½	81½	81½	81½
12	81½	81½	81½	81½	81½	81½

The apprehensions of a European winter
seem to have been dissipated, and as a con-
sequence there is a general tone of weakness
observable in all markets. There is, how-
ever, nothing in the outlook to cause weak-
ness on the present basis of values. The
wheat on the ground has so far had favor-
able conditions in the winter wheat States,
but the snow has about gone, the weather is
alternately freezing and thawing, and March
is approaching. Without some more snow
the outlook may be materially changed be-
fore the end of March.

Reports from Europe indicate a fairly fa-
vorable season except in Southern Russia,
where the weather was very cold and the
plant unprotected by snow. In Austro-
Hungary the weather is reported to have
been unusually severe.

The New York Produce Exchange Weekly
has the following regarding the probable
requirements of the United Kingdom:

"The United Kingdom's wheat crop of
1886 is officially estimated at 7,918,000 qrs.,
or 63,944,000 bushels, against 79,435,769
bushels in 1884, and 82,066,964 bushels in
1884. Deducting the customary English al-
lowance of 6,000,000 bushels for seed, the
quantity left for food is shown to be 57,9-
244,000 bushels, against an average annual
consumption of about 208,000,000 bushels,
indicating that imports of foreign wheat
and flour to the extent of 150,057,000 bush-
els will be required to meet consumptive
requirements for the whole of the current
crop year. Of the quantity required from
outside sources, equal 50,480,816 bushels
have been imported from September 1, 1886,
to February 5, 1887, in addition to which
equal 17,920,000 bushels are now on passage
making a total of 77,330,816 bushels of for-
eign wheat already provided for, and leav-
ing 73,335,184 bushels to be purchased and
shipped in time for arrival and use during
the current crop year, or a required average
weekly import of 2,444,505 bushels for thirty
weeks."

Shipments of wheat from India for the
week ending Feb. 5, 1887, as per special
cable to the New York Produce Exchange,
aggregated 480,000 bush., including 340,000
bush. to the United Kingdom and 240,000
bush. to the continent. The shipments for
the previous week, as cabled, amounted to

340,000 bush., of which 240,000 bush. went
to the United Kingdom and 100,000 bush. to
the Continent. The total shipments since
April 1, 1886, or during the current crop
year amount, as reported in round
numbers, to 40,348,000 bushels, including
20,108,000 bushels, or 49.84 per cent to the
United Kingdom and 20,240,000 bu. or 50.16
per cent to the Continent, leaving only a
moderate quantity available for export until
the new crop comes in. The shipments
during the crop year ended March 31, 1886,
aggregated 39,312,000 bu. against 29,550-
741 bu. the previous crop year. The wheat
on passage from India January 25 was es-
timated at 3,563,000 bu. One year ago the
quantity was 4,970,000 bu.

The following statement gives the amount
of wheat "in sight" at the dates named, in
the United States, Canada, and on passage
for Great Britain and the Continent of Eu-
rope:

	Bushels.
Visible supply	61,854,512
On passage for United Kingdom	18,353,080
On passage for Continent of Europe	3,044,000

Total bushels Jan. 29, 1887..... 83,090,712
Total previous week..... 86,056,599
Total two weeks ago..... 87,018,393
Total Jan. 30, 1886..... 73,388,796

The estimated receipts of foreign and
home-grown wheat in the English markets
during the week ending February 5 were
156,000 bu. more than the estimated
consumption; and for the eight weeks end-
ing Jan. 23 the receipts are estimated to
have been 4,649,136 bu. less than the con-
sumption.

The Liverpool market is quoted steady with
improved demand. Winter wheat is at 7s
7d to 7s 5d, spring at 7s 4d to 7s 5d, and
California No. 1 at 7s 5d to 7s 6d. per
cental.

CORN AND OATS.

CORN.

The receipts of corn in this market the
past week were 31,358 bu., against 32,197
bu. the previous week, and 251,459 bu. for
the corresponding week in 1886. Shipments for
the week were 68,196 bu., against 40,975 bu.
the previous week, and 181,402 bu. for the
corresponding week in 1886. The visible
supply of corn in the country on Feb. 5
amounted to 16,460,538 bu. against 16,251,898
bu. the previous week, and 7,351,353 bu. at
the same date last year. The visible supply
shows a decrease during the week indicated
of 808,640 bu. The exports for Europe the
past week were 558,655 bu., against 585,993
bu. the previous week, and for the past eight
weeks 6,672,961 bu., against 10,715,824 bu.
for the corresponding period in 1886-6. The
stocks now held in this country amount to 57-
641 bu. against 50,070 bu. last week and 43-
865 bu. at the corresponding date in 1886.

Corn has been quiet all week, but prices
have ruled steady and values on spot are a
shade higher. No. 2 is selling at 38½¢ for
spot, and No. 3 at 38½¢. Receipts con-
tinue light for the season, and this has
caused the firm feeling in spite of the limited
inquiry and high sales. At Chicago the
shipping demand is light and the receipts
also. The market there on Saturday was
active in a speculative way, but at a decline
in values. No. 2 spot is selling there at 34½¢
to 35½¢ per bu., February delivery at 34½¢,
March at 34½¢, May at 39½¢, and June at
40½¢. Toledo was dull but steady, with
spot No. 2 at 38½¢, and May delivery at 40½¢.

The Liverpool market is quoted quiet but
steady, with new mixed spot at 4s. 4½d.,
February delivery at 4s. 4½d., March at 4s.
4½d., and April at 4s. 4½d. The London
market was firm and steady.

OATS.

The visible supply of this grain on Feb. 6
was 4,835,202 bu., against 4,733,373 bu. the
previous week, and 1,834,898 bu. Feb. 6,
1886. The exports for Europe the past
week were nothing against nothing the
previous week, and for the last eight
weeks were 20,352 bu. against 360,612
bu. for the corresponding weeks in 1886-6.
The visible supply shows a decrease of 151-
829 bu. during the week. Stocks held in
store here amount to 10,769 bu., against
12,535 bu. the previous week, and 25,144
bu. at the corresponding date in 1886. The
receipts at this point for the week were 23-
160 bu., against 8,259 bu. the previous
week, and 14,983 bu. for the corresponding
week last year. The shipments for the week
were 4,500 bu., against 2,510 bu. the pre-
vious week, and 15,448 bu. for same week in
1886. Oats are steady and quiet in this
market, with values a shade higher than a
week ago. No. 2 white are quoted here at
35½¢. Nothing doing in a speculative way.
At Chicago oats are weak and lower. No. 2
mixed spot selling at 24½¢, February de-
livery at 24½¢, March at 24½¢, and May at
29¢. By sample sales were made at 29½¢
for No. 3 white, 30½¢ for No. 2 white, and
27½¢ for No. 3 do. The New York market
is active, but at slightly lower values.
Quotations there are 35½¢ for No. 2 mixed,
No. 2 white at 37½¢, and No. 3 do. at 37½¢
per bu. In futures No. 2 mixed sold at 35½¢
for February, 35½¢ for March, and 35½¢
for May delivery. The weakness in the
grains affects values in oats. There is very
little speculative dealing in oats as a rule,
the home consumptive demand being de-
pendent upon to use the crop. The market
is therefore free from speculative and
foreign influences, and this may account to
some extent for the steady range of values.
There is nothing like a good home market to
give strength and steadiness to any product.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

BUTTER.

There is a good supply of ordinary roll and
creamy butter in this market, but a scarcity
of choice, fine flavored, dairy packed stock,
for which there is quite an active inquiry.
Quotations here are 19¢20¢ for choice
dairy packed, 16¢18¢ for fair to good, and
ordinary 12¢14¢. Creamery is dull at
24¢26¢, inquiries being few. At Chicago
the market is reported moderately active
for local consumption, for which fancy selec-
tions of creamery were wanted and sold at
25¢26¢. All other grades are dull and
neglected, and stocks are accumulating.
Quotations on Saturday were as follows:
Fine Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin creamery,
23¢24¢; fine roll, 14¢15¢; fair to
good do., 12¢13¢; fancy dairies,
18¢20¢; and good to fine do., 14¢
15¢; common and packing stock, 10¢11¢.
The New York market has had a dull week
all. Shippers are doing little or nothing,

and prices are being shaded from day to day
to work off stock. The N. Y. Daily Bul-
letin says it is all the fault of the oleomargarine
law, which has unduly stimulated pro-
duction. This is about the smallest excuse
for a reason we know of. We think the
70,000 striking workmen have had some-
thing to do with it, in curtailing consump-
tion and preventing shipments. Quotations
in that market on Saturday were as follows:

	25	26	27
Creamery, tubs, choice	25	26	27
Creamery, tubs, prime	25	26	27
Creamery, good	25	26	27
Creamery, ordinary	25	26	27
Creamery, June, fine	25	26	27
Creamery, June, good	25	26	27
Creamery, June, prime	25	26	27
Creamery, June, choice	25	26	27
State do half-fat tubs, choice	25	26	27
State do half-fat tubs, good	25	26	27
State do half-fat tubs, fair do.	25	26	27
State do half-fat tubs, ordinary	25	26	27
State dairies, entire, fine	25	26	27
State dairies, entire, good	25	26	27
State dairies, entire, ordinary	25	26	27
State dairies, entire, choice	25	26	27
State dairy, Welsh, choice	25	26	27
State dairy, Welsh, prime	25	26	27
State dairy, Welsh, good	25	26	27
State dairy, Welsh, ordinary	25	26	27
State dairy, Welsh, choice	25	26	27

The exports of butter from American
ports for the week ending February 5 were
200,436 lbs., against 309,639 lbs. the pre-
vious week, and 204,554 lbs. two weeks
previous. The exports for the correspond-
ing week in 1886 were 281,464 lbs.

CHEESE.

The position of the market is one of great
strength, and fractional gains are reported
in nearly all the principal domestic markets
as well as abroad. In this market no
change in figures has yet been made, but
with the improved tone noted, and the
knowledge that stocks are very light for the
season, an advance would not be surprising.
Quotations are 13½¢14¢ per lb. for full
cream New York makes, 15¢15½¢ for
Michigan, and 13½¢13¢ for Ohio. The Chi-
cago market is firm with unchanged val-
ues and only a moderate movement of stock.
Quotations there are 13½¢13¢ for choice full
cream cheddars and flats (two in a box),
and 13½¢14¢ for Young Americas. Skins
are selling at 6½¢6¢ for good grades. New
York is a fraction higher on full cream stock
than a week ago. The lower grades are weak-
er in tone, and the increased cost of the better
grades has operated to cut down ship-
ments. Holders generally are firm, know-
ing stocks will all be wanted, but the slack-
ened demand from abroad has undoubtedly
made them more willing to do business at
current figures. Quotations in that market
on Saturday were as follows:

State factory, fancy, on dom. order.	13 1/2	14	15
State factory, choice.	13 1/2	14	15
State factory, prime.	13 1/2	14	15
State factory, good.	13 1/2	14	15
State factory, medium.	12 1/2	13 1/2	14 1/2
State factory, fair.	12	13	14
State factory, ordinary.	10 1/2	11 1/2	12 1/2
State factory, skims, selection.	11 1/2	12 1/2	13 1/2
State factory, skims, average.	12	13	14
State dead skims.	9	10	11
Pennsylvania skims, selection.	13 1/2	14	15
Pennsylvania skims, average.	13	14	15

The receipts of cheese in the New York
market the past week were 1,332 boxes
against 12,428 boxes the previous week
and 9,514 boxes the corresponding week
in 1886. The exports from all American
ports for the week ending Jan. 30, 1887,
amounted to 1,241,207 lbs. against 1,241,207
the previous week, and 761,527 lbs. two weeks
ago. The exports for the corresponding
week last year were 2,311,550 lbs. Of the
exports, none were from Montreal.

The Liverpool market is quoted firm,
with American cheese at 64s. 6d. per cwt.,
an advance of 9d. (18¢) per cwt. during the
week.

WOOL.

There has not been a single feature of in-
terest in the eastern wool markets
the past week. The movement of stock has
been light; with sales on the basis of prices
quoted for the past three weeks. The fact is
all parties are waiting the action of the
Treasury Department on the question of
duties upon "wool tops" and "ring
waste," as upon that will rest the future of
the trade. The Department is having both
sides presented in the strongest possible way,
and it is to be hoped that the out-
come will be favorable to the American
wool-grower rather than the importer and
foreign wool. Until this question is decid-
ed there will be little done in wool, as manu-
facturers are afraid to purchase while a
matter of so much importance remains un-
decided.

CLOVEN seed has experienced a set-back
the past week, and prices have declined 20-
25¢ per bushel in this market. For prime
seed, \$4 65 is now the best offer, with No. 2
selling at \$4 40. Speculative trading has
been on the basis of \$4 65 for February de-
livery for prime seed, and \$4 45 for No. 2.
The Chicago market is also lower, and
closed weak at \$4 70 per bu. for prime.
Receipts are heavy in that market, while the
demand has fallen off. The eastern markets
are all lower. The general weakness in the
markets, however, may be only temporary,
and a reaction soon follow. The season will
be over by the first of April.

The Ingham County Pomona Grange will
hold a Farmers' Institute at Fitchburg, com-
mencing Thursday afternoon, February 17,
at 4 o'clock. Among those who will read
papers are J. B. Thorburn, Prof. W. J. Best,
L. Hewitt, of Lansing, Prof. W. B. Thorburn,
of Lansing, and Hovey Wilson, of Mason;
while a number of ladies will give recita-
tions and read essays on interesting topics.
The Institute will last until Friday evening.

The third annual meeting of the Jackson
County Sheep-Breeders' and Wool-Growers'
Association will be held at Jackson on Feb.
17th, beginning at 10 a. m. An invitation
is extended to all interested to be present,
read papers, or take part in the discussions.
J. P. Dean, of Napoleon, is President of the
Association, and W. E. Kennedy, of
Semester, Secretary.

The annual Institute of the Macomb
County Sheep-Breeders' and Wool-Growers'
Association will be held at Romeo on
Thursday, March 3d. A good meeting
is expected. Programme will be published
hereafter.

RANDOM NOTES.

WHILE at Corunna recently, attending the
Shiawassee County Sheep-Breeders' meeting,
we had the pleasure of looking over what
we considered a typical flock of Merinos for
the average farmer. They were on the farm
of Mrs. Yerkes, about two miles east of Cor-
unna, which is managed by Mr. C. D. Case.
The flock consists of about 300 head, which
are large bodied, rather plain, but have good
neck and flank folds. Last year 300 were
sheared, and gave over 2,400 lbs. of wool,
which sold at the highest market price, and
without dockage. The flock is kept up by
using thoroughbred rams, two being in the
flock at present. The flock suited us in
many ways, and especially in their form,
which showed sound constitutions and an
ability to do the best with everything given
them, evidenced by their broad backs, depth
through the heart, and their straight legs.
Now such a flock as this is within the reach
of every good farmer in Michigan, and we
do not believe there is any one thing on a
farm to-day which will return a larger profit
on the investment, to say nothing of the in-
calculable benefit they will be to the land.
Mr. Case has them in excellent shape, and
when he turns off a bunch of wethers they
always bring the top price.

On the same farm we found a young
Shorthorn bull, bred by Geo. W. Stuart, of
Grand Blanc, Ben Butler 58924, sired by
Victor, the bull which Mr. Stuart had at the
head of his herd, and tracing on dam's side
to Geneva's Gertrude (Vol. 24), by Geneva
Aldridge 23255, which is showing some nice
calves, and is a very good animal himself.

In the stable near him were a number of
grade Shorthorn cows, and two of them
were good specimens of the "general pur-
pose" cow so often referred to at institutes
and breeders' meetings. They had all the
evidences of being good milkers, while their
broad loins, deep hindquarters, straight
backs and well sprung ribs, showed they
would make kindly feeders. Is there any
thing in the way of cattle which would do
better for a farmer than a few such cows?
And they are within the reach of any one
who has a scrub cow or two which he can
send to his neighbor's Shorthorn bull for a
small consideration. The third generation
will have all the appearance of a thorough-
bred, and the steers for feeders are worth
more than double a native of the same age.
Cannot a few of our farmers who are raising
scrubs make a change this year and give
improved stock a trial?

The hog is going to attract a good deal of
attention this year. The prices of hog pro-
ducts have been working upwards for the
past six weeks, and present prices for hogs
pay very well—as good as anything on the
farm. And, by the way, a farm is never
complete without a few hogs. Not the old-
fashioned kind, with one-third of the entire
animal taken up by the head, as active as
a colt and as cunning as a fox; but a good
square-bellied animal, with a contented dis-
position and liable to answer on anything.
They may not be Berkshires, or Poland-
Chinas, or Essex, or Suffolk, but may be a
combination of all of them, or any other im-
proved breeds. They will clean up garbage,
and act as scavengers for the farm, turning
much worthless material into dollars and
cents, and saving your stables, and saving
much that would otherwise be lost. By all
means keep a few hogs. They are always
in request.

WHERE IS THE PROFIT IN FEEDING CATTLE.

By the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

We, a few farmers thinking of forming a
club for mutual improvement

Poetry.

SOUND ADVICE.

In speaking of a person's faults
Pray don't forget your own.
Remember those with homes of glass
Should seldom throw a stone.
If we have nothing else to do
Than talk of those who sin,
'Tis better we commence at home
And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man
Until he's fairly tried.
Should we not like his company
We know the world is wide.
Some may have faults, and who has not.
The old as well as young.
Perhaps we may, for all we know
Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan
And find it works full well.
First your own defects to cure
Ere others' faults you tell.
And though I sometimes hope to be
No worse than some I know,
My own shortcomings bid me let
The faults of others go.

Now let us all, when we begin
To slander friend or foe,
Think of the harm one word may do
To those we little know.
Remember curses, chicken-like
Sometimes to roost come home;
Don't speak of others' faults until
You have none of your own.

TAPS.

The night has fallen,
Day is done,
Hours ago, the red gold sun
Dropped down into the west.

The pale, clear moon
Across the tide
Flings bars of light in ripples wide,
A pathway to her feet.

The barracks low,
Against the sky,
In outlines black, all silent lie,
For hark—the bugle clear!

Rising and falling
On the air;
Telling us day, with toll and care,
Like the light, doth fade away.

"Lights out," 'tis calling,
"Rest to all."
While soft as silver moonbeams fall
Falls sleep on weary eyes.

Mourful, yet sweet;
Soft and low,
The sad notes fade and I must go,
Good night, dear love, good night.

Miscellaneous.

THE TALE OF A TELEGRAM.

Maud Estabrook had just turned to retrace her steps up the avenue, when glancing round, she saw a young man emerging from the shadow of one of the great willows that guarded the gate. As he pulled off his hat with a low bow, the sunlight brought out the burnished black of his close-cut hair, and threw into stronger relief his bronzed, handsome face, to which a slight scar on one cheek gave a touch of the romantic and picturesque. So thought Maud, after a brief, comprehensive survey.

"I beg your pardon," said the stranger, fanning himself with his straw hat as he spoke, "but can you tell me if Mr. Estabrook is here?"

"Oh," thought Maud, "one of Tom's friends." Then, aloud, "Yes—that is, he lives here, but he isn't at home to-day."

As the newcomer stood irresolute, Maud gave him another quick look, which summed up his whole appearance, from his six feet of stature and the light pedestrian garb that set it off, to the knapsack hanging over his broad shoulders. Then she said hesitatingly: "He may be back to-night, perhaps. Won't you come up to the house and rest? It is so warm! And my mother will be glad to see any friend of Tom's."

The young man returned her inquiring glance as he answered, also with some hesitation: "Thanks. It is very warm, certainly. I should be delighted to pay my respects to Mrs. Estabrook, if she will permit me."

With that he put on his hat again, and the two walked along together under the blossoming acacia-trees, while he introduced himself as Marston Folliott, just now peddling in that region. To which she responded with the information that she was "Tom's sister."

In this way they reached the house, where Mrs. Estabrook was discovered in the cool north parlor. She received her son's friend very hospitably, inviting him to await Tom's return, which was expected by the next morning at latest.

Mr. Folliott's manner was again hesitating, as he half glanced toward Maud. "I really ought not to take advantage," he began.

But Mrs. Estabrook, a nervous, excitable woman, given to starts and broken sentences, interrupted him: "No, no! Pray don't say so. Really, it would relieve my mind; now that my son is away; and of course Peter must choose his very time—Maud, Peter hasn't come back yet? No, not a man on the place, and this is such a solitary neighborhood! Burglars and tramps would have us quite at their mercy."

So the young man accepted the urgent invitation, and the afternoon wore away pleasantly, with music and conversation, and strolling about the grounds.

It was almost tea-time. The two ladies with their guest were sitting on the breezy piazza when a telegraph messenger came up the steps, delivered his yellow-covered missive, and was off again like a shot out of sight.

"From Tom, probably," said Mrs. Estabrook. "Mr. Folliott, you will excuse me?" She broke open the envelope, while the conversation between the two young people went on. But it was suddenly interrupted by an inarticulate sound from Mrs. Estabrook, and looking around, they saw her white and trembling. Maud ran to her mother, and put her arm about her.

"I hope you have received no bad news," began Mr. Folliott. But as he advanced, Mrs. Estabrook waved him back, with a poor attempt at a smile.

"Oh no, not at all—only a little—a little—unexpected." Then she conveyed a silent summons to Maud's anxious eye, adding, with the same forced lightness, "If

you will excuse our leaving you alone for a moment, Mr. Folliott, I have a little household matter to arrange with my daughter. That is all, indeed. It is only for a moment—only a moment, I assure you."

As they withdrew she sedulously returned Mr. Folliott's bow, all the while preserving a set smile strangely at variance with her pale face. But no sooner had they entered the house than it dropped away, as she turned to her daughter and said, in a hollow whisper:

"Maud, that man is a burglar!"

Maud stared at this startling announcement. "What man, mamma?"

"That man out there—that Folliott, as he calls himself. He isn't a friend of Tom's. Just read this—from Amelia."

Maud took the telegram, which was from her married sister, living some fifty miles distant. This was what it contained:

"Have just learned from nurse-maid of suspicious stranger making her acquaintance. Asked all about The Willows and number of inmates. Seemed to know something of Tom. Tall, dark, gentlemanly-looking, and has a scar on one cheek. Look out for him."

"Has a scar on one cheek?" echoed Maud, faintly, after an instant's blank silence.

"Oh, Maud, what shall we do?" moaned Mrs. Estabrook, sinking into a seat. "And we have actually invited him to tea—a burglar! Well, for a friend, I thought he seemed very uncertain about Tom."

"I noticed that too," answered Maud, with bent brow, recalling a certain unreadiness of tone and manner which had struck her as strange at the time. "Mamma, she continued, 'we must send Bridget or Maggie over to the village for help—'

"No," almost screamed Mrs. Estabrook, "not another person must leave the house! Oh, how could Peter choose the very day Tom was gone? When he knows how nervous I am, too—and to think I told that—that despatch out there, that there wasn't a man about the place! Maud! Maud! what shall we do?"

"I think I have a plan, mamma," said Maud, raising her head from her brown study. "Wait a moment." She flew upstairs and down again. "Now come out on the piazza. He mustn't suspect anything."

The two ladies rejoined their unwelcome guest, and Mrs. Estabrook rushed into feverish conversation with him. But her talk was of a singularly warlike kind, turning mainly upon revolvers, and the proficiency attained in the use of these deadly weapons by Bridget and Maggie, two unsophisticated handmaidens, who, in fact, would not have known a toy pistol from a Gatling-gun. Maud, in spite of her tension of anxiety, grew speechless with laughter behind her fan as she listened, furtively watching the stranger's face, and noting his just-controlled uneasiness.

Finally, like one who takes a resolution, he began abruptly, "I really am in a very false position—"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Mr. Folliott," quickly interposed Maud, fearing that, in his rising suspicions, she would lose her carefully prepared cue. "If you would like to remove any lingering doubt of travel, you have just time before tea."

The young man rose at this hint, and Maud, volunteering to show the way, accompanied him up the broad staircase, and smilingly indicated the room where his knapsack had been left. No sooner had he stepped within than quick as a flash, the girl shut the door and looked it on the outside, where she had already placed the key. Then she leaned panting against the wall, and listened to the movements of the trapped burglar.

For a few moments there was perfect stillness, as if he were trying to realize the meaning of the click of the lock; then she heard him go the door and turn the handle, first softly, then louder and louder. Maud clasped her hands tightly together, feeling almost hysterical between laughter and nervousness. Then the rattling stopped, and a voice said, slowly:

"Miss Estabrook! Are you still there?"

"Yes," answered Maud, holding her breath.

"You are not aware that you have locked me in?"

Maud hesitated for an instant. But since the explanation must come, it might as well come at once. "Yes," she answered, clearly; "I did it intentionally."

"In—deed?" The blended accent of this word made her feel hysterical again. "Perhaps you would not mind telling me why you did it?"

"Because you are a burglar," answered the girl, concisely.

There was an indistinct mutter which might or might not have been an expletive. Then, after a silence, the voice inquired, quite formally, "And might I ask what you mean to do with me?"

"Keep you shut up here until my brother or the gardener comes back; and then—"

"Yes, and then—"

"Then," replied Maud, with a sudden inspiration, "we will let you go, if you will go peaceably."

There was a sound of suppressed laughter at this. Then the voice rejoined, politely: "Thanks. I will give you any assurances you require."

Maud went down to the dining-room, where she busied herself in packing a basket. After this, returning upstairs, she called to her prisoner: "Mr.—Mr. Folliott?"

"Yes?"

"If you will open the closet you will find a rope. Please let it down, and we will send you up some supper."

The stranger obeyed, and a well-filled basket was soon lifted through the window into his room. Maud hopefully hoped he had everything he wished.

"Thanks, not quite," was the deliberate answer. "If I might ask for a couple of Tom's cigars?"

"Tom, indeed! The wretch!" commented Maud's sister to herself. Then, aloud: "Oh, certainly, if you will let the basket down again."

At this point Mrs. Estabrook remonstrated. "Really, Maud, that is too much!"

"Oh, mamma, anything to keep him quiet and good-tempered," said Maud. "And you know he was to have taken tea with us."

"But if he should burn the house down smoking them?" anxiously suggested her mother.

"Well, perhaps it's safer to give him something to use his matches with," answered Maud, with a masterly smoke of logic. "And they always do have matches," she concluded, indefinitely. Her reasoning carried the day, so the cigars went up and the rope came down, for this was a point on which Maud was firm. She had no intention of leaving that rope in their burglarious visitor's possession.

The evening waned, and still there was no sign of Peter's return. The two ladies did not dream of sleeping, but kept watch throughout the night in the room adjoining that of the prisoner, bracing themselves with strong tea for their task. It was weary work, however, and the minutes crept slowly into the small hours.

The hall clock had just struck the quarter before two, when the silence of the house was disturbed by a little sound which seemed preternaturally loud to their strained ears. Mrs. Estabrook sat erect to listen, while Maud turned up the glimmering lamp. Again came the sound, slight but distinct, scratch, scratch—file, file.

"Maud, what is that noise?" said Mrs. Estabrook, with the calmness of despair. Maud declined to commit herself prematurely.

"Maud," said her mother again, "it's down at the piazza window. It's—it's a confederate of that man in there! Oh, don't tell me! I know!"

Maud frowned thoughtfully. Her mother's idea seemed only too plausible.

"He'll get in, and let the other one out," pursued Mrs. Estabrook, breathlessly; "and then they'll go through the house, and rob and murder us all. Oh dear! Oh dear!"

"Don't, mamma dear! pray don't!" entreated Maud, as the poor lady, overwhelmed by her own picture, showed signs of becoming hysterical, and uttered several of the small screams. Upon this, the occupant of the next room, who hitherto had given no sign of life, began to knock on the door between the two chambers. Maud drew near, and the following conversation took place.

"Miss Estabrook?"

"Yes."

"Excuse me, but is anything wrong?"

Maud hesitated. Mrs. Estabrook meantime had checked herself, and was holding her breath to listen. Receiving no answer, he presently spoke again.

"What is that noise I hear down-stairs?"

"We don't know," said Maud; "but—"

"But what? Is that what is alarming you?"

Maud considered. "We are afraid it is a burglar."

"What! Another?" exclaimed the stranger. Then he checked himself. "Don't you think you'd better send me to dispose of him?" he suggested, with an admirable assumption of the boldness of innocence.

"Maud!" sharply protested Mrs. Estabrook.

"One moment, mamma," rejoined her daughter, "I am not sure." She turned to the door again. "You are quite certain he is not an—an assistant of yours?" she asked, in the politest terms she could select.

"Let me out, and you shall see. Upon my honor—"

"Hare the words were lost in a stifled sound.

"Is the man laughing?" demanded Mrs. Estabrook, in angry amazement, then, as a new suspicion entered her mind. "Maud, do you believe he is exactly in his right mind?"

"I don't think he can be," Maud answered, doubtfully; but seeing her mother's growing alarm, she hastened to add, "but we evidently have a certain control over him, and—really, mamma, I don't know but it would be better to let him drive the other away. No, but hear me out. They can't be accomplices, and if we must be in the power of either, why, I would much sooner trust this one. He is far superior to ordinary burglars," concluded Maud, with a fine air of connoisseurship in this particular branch of the dangerous classes.

Her opinion, as usual, prevailed, and her prisoner was informed that if he would not move until a given time, he should be released. As he readily agreed to the conditions, the girl stole out into the passage, turned the key very softly, and then flew back into her own room, which she locked in hot haste. Here she knocked on the inner door, and at the appointed sign heard the young man dash through the corridor and downstairs.

There was a sound of rattling glass, an altercation of voices, a pistol shot, and then a brief period of suspense, during which the hearts of the two women stood still. Then steps returned along the passage, crossed through the next room, and stopped beside the door of communication, where a rap resounded.

"Miss Estabrook, I have come back," said a quiet voice.

"And the—the man?" asked Maud, breathless.

"Oh, I fancy he'll give you no more trouble. Judging from the groan I heard as he beat a retreat, he won't feel in spirits for any more of this business to-night."

"We are very much obliged to you," stammered Maud, rather at a loss what to say under the circumstances.

"Not at all. It was a pleasure to me. He was infringing on my rights, you know."

Silence followed, broken by another rap. "Miss Estabrook, I am waiting to be locked in again."

"Do you really mean—" began Maud.

"Certainly. I must insist, if you please. I'll stay here till you give me the word."

"Be quick, Maud," whispered Mrs. Estabrook, very distrustful of this extraordinary burglar.

"The man is either a criminal or a lunatic. Run and turn the key, child, before he changes his mind."

Thus urged, the girl made another sortie. Once more the key clicked in the lock, the prisoner was heard to cross the floor, and then all was silence again.

Not for long, however. Suddenly there was a confused clamor at the outside door, while the bell pealed loudly through the house. Maud and her mother sprang up and faced each other.

"That man back again?" faltered Mrs. Estabrook.

"Oh, mamma, no!" said Maud, reassuringly. "A burglar would never ring the bell. Why, it's Tom!" she cried, with sudden conviction. "It's my brother come home."

she repeated, as a voice from the next room was heard, with renewed proffer of assistance.

Tom it was indeed, and very anxious about the safety of the household. As the brother and sister met in the gray of the

early dawn, he hastily explained how, having called in to see Amelia, she had given him no peace until he promised to return at once to The Willows; how he had done so, in some vexation at what he considered her fussiness, until everything had suddenly been driven out of his mind by the sight of a blood-stain on the piazza. At which Maud shuddered, and was about to relate her version of the night's adventures, when Mrs. Estabrook's voice was heard in reproachful accents from above. They hastened upstairs, and found the poor lady inclined to hysterics at being left alone. She began an incoherent story, in which Peter and the burglar were jumbled, to Tom's utter bewilderment.

"But who winged the burglar, then?" he asked.

"Hush—hush!" breathed his mother, with warning finger upraised. "He's in there, you know."

"In there? Why, I thought you said he was gone?"

"And what on earth is Peter in there for?"

"No, no, not Peter, the—the burglar—"

"The burglar?" Tom jumped up. "You don't mean you've trapped the fellow? Bravo!"

And he was hurrying to the door, when his sister laid a hand on his arm.

"Oh, wait, Tom," she said. "That is the oldest part of it all." And she told the tale of their strange guest.

"It doesn't seem like his being a burglar, but I don't think he can be in his right mind," she concluded.

"By Jove! I should say not! Wanted to be locked up again? Why the man must be a first-class crank. Well, I'll have a look at him."

He left the room, and the two women heard the key turn in the lock. They held their breath to listen, but all they could distinguish in the next room was confused sound of voices and laughter. Presently Tom came back, accompanied by the supposititious burglar.

"My mother and sister, Mr. Folliott," said Tom, with a wave of the hand and a twinkle of the eye. "Mother, this is my friend Mr. Folliott, who seems to think there is some mystery that needs clearing up. Go ahead, Folliott, your turn first," concluded Tom, with a grin, as he dropped into a seat.

Thereupon Mr. Folliott explained that, in the course of his pedestrian tour, it occurred to him to look up a friend who was making a short stay somewhere in that neighborhood. This friend's name was Estabrook—George Estabrook, not Tom—he had not known that Tom Estabrook lived in that locality.

"But you'd be likely to know it another time," put in Tom, with great enjoyment. Mr. Folliott, continuing, said that his happening to mistake the place had led to the whole subsequent comedy of errors. He apologized for having accepted their hospitality under false pretences, and remarked that he had made several ineffectual efforts to place himself in his true colors. When he realized the position, after being locked in, as he felt convinced that his explanations would not be credited, he thought he might as well accept the situation with what philosophy he could muster, until the march of events should right him again.

"Now for our side," said Tom, when the story was finished. "Mother, where is the fatal telegram?" The telegram was produced, and read aloud, amid much laughter.

"How about that scar, Folliott?" asked Tom, with mock gravity. "Doesn't that need some explanation?"

"The scar," answered Folliott, in the same tone, "is all that remains of an adventure I had some time ago. I never dreamed what an important part it was going to play in the drama of life!" and he glanced at Maud.

"Well, we'll call it quits if you will," said Tom, laughing. "I vote it an immense joke all round."

"We didn't think it such a joke, did we, mamma?" said Maud, with a little air of vexation, as her part in the small comedy came back to her with mortifying distinctness.

"A joke? Oh no!" cried Mrs. Estabrook. "Really, Tom, it would sound better to thank Mr. Folliott for all he did for your mother and sister, and he looked up for a burglar! Though, of course, with you away, and Peter taking advantage of it—"

"I'll take advantage of Peter," threatened Tom, "if he dares to show his face here again."

And in fact, when Peter, having finished his justification, did present himself at The Willows, it was only to receive a prompt dismissal.

The real burglar was never found. Therefore Tom Estabrook was unable to settle the question if that "suspicious stranger" resembled Mr. Marston Folliott in anything beyond the scar. Even that had nearly disappeared before Mr. Folliott left The Willows, so that when Amelia first saw her future brother-in-law she gravely remarked that she could not imagine how mamma and Maud could have made such a singular mistake. She was sure she never could. Which, from the cause of the whole misadventure, was certainly rather trying. But then Amelia was trying sometimes, as people without a sense of humor are apt to be.—*Kate Osgood, in Harper's Bazar.*

It Didn't Pay.

"I see," said the professor, biting off three-quarters of his muffin and dipping the rest in his coffee, "that the newspapers are discussing the question, 'Does Lying Pay?'"

What do you think of it, Mrs. Fogg?"

"Well," replied the landlady, with a sarcastic smile lighting up her severe features, "I have had nothing but lying from you for the past four weeks, and it doesn't pay me. I think you had better board elsewhere."

"Yes," said the Professor, pouring the contents of the cream-jug over his oatmeal.

"I frequently have what?" asked Mrs. Fogg.

"Had better board elsewhere," replied the Professor.

And the coolness which then arose between landlady and tenant was so severe that those who sat between them had their ears frost-bitten.

HALE'S HONEY is the best Cough Cure, 25c. 50c. GLEN'S SULPHUR SOAP heals and beautifies, 25c. GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions, 25c. HILL'S HAIR A WHISKER DYE—Black & Brown, 25c. PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in 1 minute, 25c. PEASE'S RHEUMATIC PILLS are a sure cure, 50c.

Cure for Diphtheria.

Dr. A. Brondel writes, in the *Bulletin General de Therapeutique* of November 15, 1886, concerning the treatment of diphtheria by benzoate of sodium, and asserts that of two hundred consecutive cases he has not lost a single one. He admits the possibility of a mistaken diagnosis in some instances, but, even excluding fifty percent on this account, he still has one hundred cases without a death. His method is as follows: Every hour the patient takes a tablespoonful of a solution of benzoate of sodium, fifteen grains to the ounce, and at the same time one-sixth of a grain of sulphide of calcium in syrup of granule. In addition to the throat is thoroughly sprayed every half hour with a ten per cent solution of benzoate of sodium. This is done religiously at the regular intervals, day and night, but no other local treatment is employed. No attempt is made to dislodge the false membrane, and no pencilling nor painting of the fauces is resorted to. Tonics are given and antipyretics are used when occasion calls for them. The nourishment consists of beef juice, tender rare meat, milk, etc., but bread and all other articles which may cause irritation of the throat are forbidden. The sick room is kept filled with steam from a vessel containing carbolic acid, turpentine, and oil of eucalyptus in water.

The employment of benzoate of sodium is not a new method in the treatment of diphtheria, for it has been tried and recommended highly by Letzerich, Kien, Perrolo, and others. But this, of course, speaks so much the more strongly in favor of the remedy; and as Dr. Brondel's results were better than those obtained by others using the same drug, it is to be presumed that his method of employing it is the best.—*Medical Record.*

The Neva.

A mere neck of earth separates the Russian capital from the great inland Sea of Ladoga, and through more than forty intervening versts of forest land, green and wavy with the trembling aspens, the Neva moves majestically down its deep channel, by villages and clearings, past scattered communities and straggling huts, between sounding wood yards and busy factories, till at last, gliding along the famed granite quays of the Imperial city, it pours by five broad mouths and narrow outlets innumerable into the Gulf of Finland.

No Russian river has the beauty, the purity, the picturesqueness which are the attributes of this northern watercourse; yet to fully appreciate the nobleness of its aspect in the warm season one must be familiar with its wintry appearance, and above all witness its vernal emancipation from the fetters of frost by ukase of "the father of warmth," the Slav Apollon, Dazh Bog himself. For nearly six months a ringing highway for man and beast, the Neva grows unsafe for travel late in the month of April, and has usually resumed its freedom by the beginning of May; yet the opening of the attack on the crystalline mass precedes the moment of its melting by weeks. A month sometimes elapses before the solar rays have begun to sensibly thin the ice crust, and for a month of seeming defiance of the forces of renaissance droskies pursue their chosen paths over the congealed river, pedestrians continue to traverse it in chair sleds or on foot, the heavy wagons of merchant and trader go rumbling over in the endless procession and the Samoyeds, those gypsies of the north, cling with their reindeer to the camping ground of their winter exile on the frozen stream, which is soon to bear them back to their homes in the Arctic circle.

The metamorphosis then follows with a swiftness truly Russian. The last screws and clasps of molecular cohesion are drawn in a single night; the thickest ice plate then opens to its solar enemies a thousand lines of march. In the morning, with form, quick steps, you may safely travel the Neva, still ice-covered; at noon your return is barred by a clear swelling stream, whose whirling bonds have turned to dancing liquid facts, from which the sun lunks back its light and its triumph. True, the ice is not wholly gone, but it meets the eye henceforth purely as a spectacle—the offering not of a river, but of a lake. This new ice is the product of more northern water, the snowy blocks and bergs of Ladoga, glittering debris of an unequal combat that every spring renews. For some days after the breakup along the Neva, in the interval between the beginning of open and that of safe navigation, the river channel is thronged with broken strata, cleft blocks, truncated pillars, shivered columns, with spires and pinnacles and shafts; nay, with all shapely and shapeless masses, that half under and half above degeneration in the annual return of heat to the far north. Slowly the rank and file of this shining host glide past, driving back to shelter a fleet of venturesome ferries, battering the bridge piers with dangerous force and frequency, scraping the quays with a sonorous attrition and emitting throughout the duration of their passage a strange rustling, crunching sound. By day striking, by night solemn and weird, this scene passes in its turn, and for six months the Neva presents the aspect which I have described in the opening paragraph.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Reading.

But there is great reason to fear that, what with the newspapers and the magazines, and the art galleries, and the museums and theatres, and facility with which we can get other people to gossip with us when we are both idle and lazy, the number of those who can or ever do read a book—even a novel, even a poor novel—is rapidly declining. In fact, we fear that any one who inquired among his friends, outside the professor and professional literary men, would find that the number of those who now ever read a serious book of any kind is exceedingly small, and that those who read even novels is growing smaller. Most men who have not kept up the habit of reading, in fact, go to sleep over a serious book almost immediately and throw down a novel after a few pages, if the plot does not thicken rapidly, or the incidents are few. The thoughtful novel, such as George Eliot's, filled with reflection and speculation, would far more now, even coming from an author of her powers, than it did thirty years ago. The newspaper is fast forming the mental habits of this generation; and,

in truth, even this is getting to be too heavy, unless the articles or extracts are very short. The reader begins more and more to resent being asked to keep his attention fixed on any one subject for more than five minutes. In short, any one who flatters himself during the busy years of an active career, when he does no reading but newspaper reading, that he is going to become a reader of books at a later period when he gets more leisure, may rest assured that he is greatly mistaken. When leisure comes, he will find that a serious book will tire him or send him asleep in ten minutes, just as a dumb-bell would tire a long unused arm. To be able to read continuously for long periods, at any time of life, just as to be able to row or walk or ride, one must keep in practice year after year, by doing more or less of it every day or at least every week. The man who finds that he shrinks from a book and longs for a Sunday paper, may feel sure that he is mentally "out of condition."—*The Nation.*

The Jetties in a Storm.

The construction of the jetties at the mouth of the Mississippi River has proved to be one of the works the most ingenious in its nature and most valuable in its results of all our public efforts. The success is today as obvious as the sunlight, and the stupidity, ignorance, hatred, and professional rivalry which once raged with furious bitterness against Capt. Eads are hushed, let us hope without penitence and shame to the guilty and the foolish. At the very outset the army engineers opposed the project as one founded on wrong principles and impossible of success. The lucid and frank explanation of Capt. Eads they were unable to comprehend as the negro

THAT BOY.

Through the house with laugh and shout,
Knees throbbed and elbows out,
Mamma hears with anxious doubt.
That boy.

Vain are all the lessons taught;
In one short hour they are forgot,
Gentle manners leech not
That boy.

With aching head, this mother mild,
Looks to the future for her child,
Still heedless, yells in accents wild.
That boy.

She hears the dead, unearthly tone,
And stiles something like a groan.
To some bad end will surely come
That boy.

Patience mother, wait awhile;
Summon back thy loving smile;
Soon will graver care beguile
That boy.

Soon the boy "with cheek of tan"
Will be the brawny, bearded man,
If thou wouldst trust and honor thee
That boy.

Trust him now, and let thy care
Shield his soul from every snare,
That waits to capture, unaware,
That boy.

And when, though worn and oft distressed,
Thou knowest that God thy work has blessed,
Thou trust with him for all the rest,
That boy.

AT A CHURCH WEDDING.

Whispering in the pews while waiting
For the bride.

Miss Decoltee.—What a stupid usher,
poking us in here with these frumps!

Miss Pompon.—My dress will be ruined
and I can't see a thing.

Miss Decoltee.—There's very little floral
decoration.

Miss Pompon.—And only one clergyman
in the chancel.

Miss Decoltee.—Is that so? I felt sure
Nell would have an "assisted" ceremony.

Miss Pompon.—Oh, I assisted that
one Bishop. Nell has been so awfully high,
at last.

Miss Decoltee.—Yes, it's been quite
amusing, has it?

Miss Pompon.—Particularly when one
remembers she was so low a year ago she
did not even bow her head in the creed.

Miss Decoltee.—Oh, that was when she
was after that young Presbyterian swell,
you know, who married Kitty Foster.

Miss Pompon.—Have you seen the
present?

Miss Decoltee.—Oh, yes. Some quite
pretty.

Miss Pompon.—Ye-es; the groom's is
nothing much.

Miss Decoltee.—A pearl cross—quite
churchy and touching.

Miss Pompon.—Very small pearls; I
thought it quite a skimpy affair.

Miss Decoltee.—It was really rich, do
you know, to hear Mrs. Carlton go on.

Miss Pompon.—Oh, I suppose so.

Miss Decoltee.—The day I saw her
where she came in with such an air. "Eles-
nor, my dear," said she, "don't fatigue
yourself over that embroidery." Then she
turned to me: "She has so much before her,
you know; to-night is the church rehearsal,
and afterward Mrs. Clarke gives a supper
to the bride-party. All with such delicious
complacency!"

Miss Pompon.—Oh, the entire family have
acted as if no one was ever married before.

Groom's Mother (raising her eye-glass).
—My dear, is that young man over there
in naval uniform?

Groom's Father.—Well, yes, he is an en-
sign.

Groom's Mother (with crushing sweet-
ness).—Dear Mrs. Carlton has talked so
much about their relatives in the navy. He
must be them—I don't see any others.

Groom's Sister (married).—Mamma, I
don't think Lander is to play to-night at the
house.

Groom's Sister (unmarried).—Mamma,
this is Nelly's fourth season. Edith Connor
came out yesterday. She came out the same
autumn with Edith's sister, Mrs. Jarvis, you
know.

Groom's Mother.—Oh, I don't doubt it;
but, of course, you spoke of her having been
young abroad, and a year in mourning?

Groom's Sister (unmarried).—Oh, yes,
indeed. I quite snubbed Edith.

Bride's Mother.—Now, Mr. Carlton, don't
fall to on the watch when the minister
asks, "Who giveth this woman?" You
must step right forward, and don't tread on
Nelly's train.

Bride's Father.—I wish the dayvil fuss
was over. Did you tell the caterer that
the touched pieces were to be returned and
allowed for?

Bride's Mother.—No; I did not. Blank
never serves in that way, and if I had to
have second-class music I was bound to
have Blank cater.

Those Clarkes are so
perceptions; they'll be sure to discover that
Lander isn't playing.

Bride's Father.—Blankety blank, the
whole lot! I'm paying the shot, not old
Clarke. I wish he was!

Organist (to friend in loft).—What time
it is!

Friend.—8:35.

Organist.—My contract was from 7:30 to
9:00—it'll cost just about ten dollars more
to keep her another quarter of an hour.

Bride (in lobby, to sister, who is maid of
honor).—Is the church packed? I hope so.
Tell the usher to be sure and walk slow
enough. Now, Elizabeth, if you don't keep
yourself with me I'll give you old black velvet
to Kate. Pull the lace out on my train to show
the pattern a little better. Are you sure
the pillow at the altar is just in the right
place? Signal that organist to begin the
wedding march. Is dear mother Clarke
safe in her place? Stinky old thing, she's
been so furious when she said I didn't wear
the skimpy little lace flounce, "the one, my
dear, I wore on my wedding day." A
pretty bride she must have been. Wait a

minute till I get my face straight. There!
am I looking down enough? Come on, real
slow, and do do keep step.

Minister (to alone music).—Those whom
God hath joined together let no man put
asunder.—Philip H. Welch, in Puck.

The Sad Story of an Agent.

When I was a callow youth of some twen-
ty years the following advertisement came
to my notice:

WANTED.—A young man of good address in
every neighborhood to engage in light and
agreeable occupation. Ten to fifteen dollars
a day guaranteed to any capable, energetic young
man who secures the position in his neigh-
borhood. Address, immediately, Lock Box 3409,
New York City.

Having spent some five years between
plow-handles and in chopping cord wood, I
was wisely looking for "light and agreeable
occupation" of some kind. I felt that
I could be very energetic and agreeable for
fifteen dollars a day. I therefore answered
the advertisement and received in return
something less than a ton of circulars re-
lating to a certain book called "The Happy
Home." The publisher wrote that my letter
had impressed him very favorably, and he
felt that I was the very man he was looking
for. All this led me to invest all the money
I had on earth in a dozen of his books, and
when they arrived I dressed myself up
in my Sunday best and started out to rake
in my first fifteen dollars. A circular I had
received contained the following instructions:

"Call at each house in your neighborhood;
ring the bell; lift your hat to whoever comes
to the door, smile pleasantly, and bow; ask
in a persuasive tone for the lady or gentle-
man of the house. Try, in a mild and gen-
tle manner, to get into the house as you
talk, and gradually and pleasantly in-
troduce the book. Never take no for an
answer. It is a good idea to get the sub-
scriptions of all the leading citizens first,
and show them to others."

I started out, making for the house of the
richest man in town first.

I boldly rang the bell, and stood in readi-
ness to "smile pleasantly," "bow politely,"
"seat myself gracefully," etc. The door
opened the sixteenth part of an inch, and a
cold, unsympathetic voice asked:

"What do you want?"

"Ah," I said, trying to grin, "is the lady
of the house at home?"

"What is she?"

"Oh, ah, I—I can see her for a mo-
ment."

"What for?"

"Oh, I have a very valuable and interest-
ing work that I am introducing to—"

"Introduce it some place else, then."

The door closed with a bang, and there I
stood with my "pleasant smile" frozen on
my face, and my "polite bow" not made.
I called at the next house; thawed out my
frozen smile; let it have full play over my
face, and was in the act of ringing the bell
when an uncombed red head was thrust out
of an upper window and an Irish domestic
screamed out:

"Be off wid yee—scat! Is it paper and
envelopes yee has? We want none. Is it
glue, or silver polish, or chromos, or the
like? We'll have none av them."

"It's a book, madam, I am—"

"To the devil wid it. Be off, too, quick
wid yee!"

I departed somewhat broken in spirit.
But the circular had said, "Prepare for a
few rebuffs, but don't mind them." I
braced up, and was ringing the bell at an-
other house when a wiry, pop-eyed little
man flung the door open, and seeing the
books in my hand, screamed out:

"I've a notion to scald you! You're the
third pedlar that's taken me from my work
to-day, and I'll murder the very next one
that comes. Now you put out, and don't
you ever come here again as long as you
live or there won't be enough of you left to
scrape up and carry home—skeddadle!"

I was opening the gate at the next house
when a big, red-faced man roared out:

"You clear out! I'll set the dog on you if
you come in! We don't want anything on
earth to-day. Wouldn't have what you've
got if you'd give it to us. Scatter yourself!"

I "scattered" toward the next house, for
I was a plucky young fellow, and couldn't
be easily "downed."

"I have a work here entitled 'The Happy
Home,' I began, when the woman who had
come to the door said:

"Happy fiddlesticks! There are no happy
homes on this earth, and your old book is a
mess of rubbish and lies. I wouldn't give
you ten cents for it. I'm wishing to-day
and can't be bothered. I've got some cold
buckwheat cakes you can have if you'll saw
half a cord of wood for them."

That did weaken me. I felt weaker before
night, for with the gall of the true book-
agent, I pressed on.

By three in the afternoon I had been kic-
ked out of two offices, knocked down three
different flights of steps, been scalded,
drenched with cold water, bitten by two
dogs, hit by a broom, knocked down by a
brick-bat, kicked by a woman, and ordered
out of fourteen places of business—and
hadn't sold a book. Then I gave up, and
went cheerily back to the plow-handles and
cord wood.—Zenas Dana.

A Woman's Accidental Discovery.

A rather laughable story is that of a
young lady of blue-tinted paper, once so much
in vogue for commercial uses. The wife of an
English paper manufacturer named William
East, going into the factory on the domestic
wash-day with an old-fashioned bluing bag
in her hand, accidentally let the bag and its
contents fall into a vat full of pulp. She
thought nothing of the incident and said
nothing about it either to her husband or his
workmen. Great was the astonishment of
the latter when the paper turned out a pec-
uliar blue color, while the master was
wroth at what he regarded as gross careles-
sness on the part of some of the hands. His
wife—wonder woman—kept her own counsel.
The lot of paper was regarded as unsalable
and was stored for four years. At length
East consigned it to his London correspon-
dent with instructions to sell it for what it
would bring. The unlucky paper was ac-
cepted as a happily-designed novelty and
was disposed of in open market at a con-
siderable advance in price. Judge of Mr.
East's surprise when he received from his
agent an order for a large invoice of the de-
signed blue paper! Here was a pretty di-
lemma, he was typically ignorant of the man-
ner in which the paper had become blue in

color, and in his perplexity he mentioned it

to his wife. She promptly enlightened her
lord; he in turn kept the simple process
secret, and was for years the monopolist of
the blue commercial paper manufacture.—
Science.

The Beautiful Bahamas.

A correspondent of the Chicago Inter-
Ocean, writing from Nassau, gives some in-
teresting information about these islands,
now becoming famous as a winter resort.

The Bahamas (pronounced Bahama-hahs)
are a chain of islands stretching in a north-
western direction from the neighborhood of
the west coast of Hayti, to that of the east
coast of Florida, separated from Florida by
the channel through which flows the Gulf
stream, from Cuba by the old Bahama chan-
nel. There are thirty islands of any size,
some of the principal ones are called Great
Bahama, Great and Little Abaco Andros,
New Providence, Eleuthera, San Salvador,
Rum Cay, Great Exuma, Watling (now
identified as the landing place of Colum-
bus), Long Island, Crooked Island, At-
wood's Key, Great and Little Inagua, Cal-
cas, and Turk's Islands. These islands fur-
nish excellent pasturage, and yield guinea
corn, maize, cotton, pine-apples, lemons,
oranges, pimento, and a species of cinna-
mon.

In summer the temperature is from 73 to
93 degrees; in winter, never below 56 or 58
degrees, and average 73 degrees.

Nassau, the principal city of this chain of
islands, is upon New Providence, and has a
beautiful harbor, protected by a strip of
land, which acts as a breakwater, called
Hogg Island. The water is perfectly clear,
and of the most brilliant turquoise or aqua
marine color and you can distinctly see the
divers go to the bottom for pennies, which
they hold in their mouths as they come to
the surface.

The inhabitants of the out islands are al-
most exclusively blacks, and 10,000 out of
13,000 of the population of Nassau are of the
same color; but the natives are not of an
aggressive nature. They are comfortable,
good-natured people, religious and quiet,
still retaining the manners taught them in
the old days of slavery. The most ragged
negro will touch his horn hat as he meets
you and give you "Good day missus."

We are distant from New York 960 miles
in an almost southerly direction, a little
west of south. The trip is sometimes rough
although this year the sea was smooth and
the weather pleasant the entire voyage.
Leaving New York on Thursday, the 23rd of
December, we arrived at our destination the
following Monday, passing Abaco light and
"Hole in the Wall" at about 7 o'clock A. M.

The second day out we began to look upon
sealskins as a superfluity, and, on arriving,
felt a profound disgust for that most neces-
sary portion of wearing apparel at home.

For a fortnight we have had the same per-
fect weather day after day. An invalid can
sit upon the open piazza, in a sea-chair or
hammock, and look out on cloudless sky,
waving palms, blooming flowers, and blue,
sparkling waters.

Driving and boating of every description
can be indulged in, as the roads are most ex-
cellent, and the boatmen very skillful in
the management of their sails and oars.

A trip to these gardens is one of the
first things a tourist indulges in. A world
of wonders lies before him for his inspection,
and in a glass bottomed boat floating over
these gardens of the sea, one can real-
ize everything that one has read in books
of fairy land. A visit to the coral reefs, the
caves, fishing, or rather hauling, at high tide
at Charlottville among the pleasures of
life in Nassau. Shark fishing also is a most
attractive feature of the place; at certain sea-
sons there are an abundance of these mar-
ine animals in the harbor, principally around
the market when blood and offal are thrown
into the stream.

The principal business of Nassau is that
of sponges. Small vessels, called "Spongers,"
fill the harbor. Manned by colored
seamen, they sail around the out islands
and fill their little crafts with sponges found
on the shoal at the bottom of the sea. These
sponges are brought to an exchange, where
the merchants purchase them and have them
sent to their sponge yards, where they are
washed, clipped, pressed and baled and
sent to the United States, Germany and
England.

Some business is done with fruits, and
formerly fine apple plantations were quite
lucrative, but few plantations are now owned
on the island. The principal one in
Nassau is that of Captain Lightbourn, who
is much interested in the growth of pineap-
ples, and also in coconut palms.

It Makes a Difference.

M. LeBlanc, if his story be accepted, was
once chief cook to a Parisian nobleman.
Now he keeps a West Side boarding-house.
For days before Christmas he treated his
guests to mouth-watering descriptions of
"ze magnifique dinnar on ze Christmas
in La Belle France." A few days before
Christmas he became very mysterious, and
intimated that those fortunate mortals who
sat at his board should have a "magnifique
dinnar." Accordingly anticipation ran
high. The day at last arrived. His promises
were fulfilled. The table was spread with
an embarrassment of good things. One dish
was especially a favorite, and that it was so
seemed to give monsieur great delight. It
seemed a species of game, was delicately
flavored, but no one knew exactly what it
was. "Oh, monsieur, do tell us what this
delicious meat is," said pretty Mrs. H., the
star boarder, when the dish was demolished.
"Zat, madame, zat is ze grand triumph of
ze art. Only ze Frenchman, mek ye deli-
cious deess—zat is ze—vat you call ye owl
—ze pet owl." "Owl!" exclaimed a chorus
of voices, and a dozen very faces were made.
"Oh, monsieur, how could you have the
heart to kill the poor thing?" chirped the
star boarder. "It was ze zek me cruel
accusations, madame; I no keel him—he
die!"

Wherever you are located you should write
to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive
free, full information about work that you
can do and live at home, making thereby
from \$5 to \$25 and upwards daily. Some
have made over \$50 in a day. All is new.
Hallett & Co. will start you. Capital not
needed. Rather see. All ages. No class of
working people have ever made money so
fast heretofore. Comfortable fortunes await
every worker. All this seems a deep mystery
to you, reader, but send along your address
and it will be cleared up and proved. Better
not delay; now is the time.

VARIETIES.

EVER in the serious business of investigat-
ing Government contracts during the war
there were occasional gleams of humor. It
was in the matter of a large purchase of
a large purchase of horses, which, on their
arrival at the supply depot had been con-
demned, that a member of Congress was a
friend of the implicated official, argued
earnestly that the horses were all right when
they left the place where they were bought,
and that they must have been rendered unfit
for service solely by the long journey to the
supply depot. Mr. Dawes of the Investigation
Committee, who was conducting the examina-
tion, inquired with a queer twinkle in his
eyes:

"How long did this journey occupy?"

"I don't know exactly; but a good while."

"Well," said Mr. Dawes, "about how many
years, sir?"

"How many years? What do you mean
by such a question as that?"

"Why, you say the horses were sound and
young when they started, and became unfit
for service during the journey. It must have
taken long time, because nearly the whole lot
were condemned for being over twenty-one
years old!"

DELICATELY DONE.—Ah, madam," he said,
as he extended a hand to help her up, "I
never saw a more graceful fall. You threw
up your arms like a born actress, your lit-
tle feet indulged in a shuffle, and down you
settled with a swan-like movement which was
superb."

"Really, sir."

"Honest injun, madam."

And he picked up a No. 7 rubber which had
been flung from her left foot, turned her back
to a dent in the carpet which looked as if a
horse had been upon it, and, raising his hat
with a most profound bow, he took his
leave, while she got aboard a street-car and
continued to blush and smile for sixteen
blocks.

NOT A FIRST-CLASS MUSICAL CRITIC.—
I never shall forget my first attempt to "notice"
a concert, said Fogg the other evening. "I
wrote about it in a pretty nice notice. It was
said that the musicians played well, and that
the concert went off pleasantly. But when I
took up the paper, which employs a first-class
critic, I was taken all aback. He had a lot of
stuff about gurgling brooks and sylvan shades
and roaring cataracts and charming land-
scapes and sunlit meadows and rollicking
childhood and somber sadness, and a whole
raft of things too numerous to mention. It
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